THE
Double Marriage.

A

TRAGEDY.

Written by

Mr. *FRANCIS BEAUMONT,*

AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER.*

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

FErrand, *the libidinous Tyrant of* Naples.
Virolet, *a noble Gentleman, ſtudious of his Country's Freedom.*
Briſſonet, } *Two honeſt Gentlemen, Confederates with* Vi-
Camillo, } rolet.
Ronvere, *a Villain, Captain of the Guard.*
Villio, *a Court Fool.*
Caſtruccio, *a Court Paraſite.*
Pandulpho, *a noble Gentleman of* Naples, *Father to* Virolet.
The Duke of Seſſe, *an Enemy to* Ferrand, *proſcribed and turn'd Pirate.*
Aſcanio, *Nephew and Succeſſor to* Ferrand.
Boy, Page to Virolet.
Maſter.
Gunner.
Boat-ſwain.
Chirurgion.
Sailors.
Doctor.
Citizens.
Guard
Soldiers.
Servants.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 62 MAR

W O M E N.

Juliana, *the matchleſs Wife of* Virolet.
Martia, *Daughter to the Duke of* Seſſe.

SCENE *NAPLES.*

THE

THE Double Marriage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Virolet, *and Boy.*

Vir. BOY. *Boy.* Sir?
Vir. If my Wife ſeek me, tell her that
Deſigns of Weight, too heavy for her Knowledge,
Exact my Privacy. *Boy.* I ſhall, Sir. *Vir.* Do then,
And leave me to my ſelf. *Boy.* 'Tis a raw Morning,
And would you pleaſe to interpret that for Duty
Which you may conſtrue Boldneſs, I could wiſh,
To arm your ſelf againſt it, you would uſe
More of my Service. *Vir.* I have heat within here,
A noble heat (good Boy) to keep it off,
I ſhall not freeze; deliver my excuſe,
And you have done your part.

Enter Juliana.

Boy. That is prevented:
My Lady follows you. *Vir.* Since I muſt be croſt then,
Let her perform that Office. *Boy.* I obey you. [*Exit.*
Vir. Prithee to Bed; to be thus fond's more tedious
Than if I were neglected. *Jul.* 'Tis the fault then
Of Love and Duty, which I would fall under,
Rather than want that care which you may challenge
As due to my Obedience. *Vir.* I confeſs
This tenderneſs argues a loving Wife,
And more deſerves my Heart's beſt thanks, than Anger.
Yet I muſt tell ye, Sweet, you do exceed
In your Affection, if you would ingroſs me
To your delights alone. *Jul.* I am not Jealous.
If my Embraces have diſtaſted you,
As I muſt grant you every way ſo worthy
That 'tis not in weak Woman to deſerve you,
Much leſs in miſerable me, that want

Thoſe Graces, ſome more Fortunate are ſtor'd with:
Seek any whom you pleaſe, and I will ſtudy
With my beſt Services to deſerve thoſe Favours,
That ſhall yield you contentment. *Vir.* You are miſtaken.
Jul. No, I am patient, Sir, and ſo good Morrow;
I will not be offenſive. *Vir.* Hear my Reaſons.
Jul. Though in your Life a Widow's Bed receives me,
For your ſake I muſt love it. May ſhe proſper
That ſhall ſucceed me in it, and your Ardor
Laſt longer to her. *Vir.* By the Love I bear,
Firſt to my Country's peace, next to thy ſelf,
To whom compar'd, my Life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choice Abſtract
Of all the Beauties Nature ever faſhion'd,
Or Art gave Ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art Obedient and Loving,
I ſhould contemn and loath her. *Jul.* I do believe.
How I am bleſs'd
In my aſſur'd Belief, this is unfeign'd!
And why this Sadneſs then?
Vir. Why, *Juliana*?
Believe me, theſe my ſad and dull Retirements,
My often, nay almoſt continued Faſts,
Sleep baniſht from my Eyes, all Pleaſures, Strangers,
Have neither root nor growth from any Cauſe
That may arrive at Woman. Shouldſt thou be,
As Chaſtity forbid, falſe to my Bed,
I ſhould lament my Fortune, perhaps puniſh
Thy Falſhood, and then ſtudy to forget thee:
But that which like a never-emptied Spring,
Feeds high the torrent of my ſwelling Grief,
Is what my Country ſuffers; there's a Ground
Where Sorrow may be planted, and ſpring up,
Thorough yielding Rage, and womaniſh Deſpair,
And yet not ſhame the Owner. *Jul.* I do believe it true,
Yet I ſhould think my ſelf a happy Woman,
If, in this general and timely Mourning,
I might or give to you, or elſe receive
A little lawful Comfort. *Vir.* Thy Diſcretion
In this may anſwer for me; look on *Naples*,
The Country where we both were Born and Bred,
Naples, the Paradiſe of *Italy*,
As that is of the Earth; *Naples*, that was
The ſweet retreat of all the worthieſt *Romans*,
When they had ſhar'd the ſpoils of the whole World;
This flouriſhing Kingdom, whoſe Inhabitants

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For

For Wealth and Bravery liv'd like petty Kings,
Made ſubject now to ſuch a Tyranny,
As that fair City that receiv'd her Name
From *Conſtantine* the great, now in the Power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own,
To look with Pity on our Miſeries;
So far in our Calamities we tranſcend her.
For ſince this *Arragonian* Tyrant, *Ferrand*,
Seiz'd on the Government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our Afflictions.
Jul. And hardly thoſe; the King's ſtrange cruelty
Equals all Preſidents of Tyranny.
Vir. Equals, ſay you?
He has out-gone the worſt, compar'd to him;
Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dionyſius*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd;
They yet as Kings, abus'd their Regal Power;
This as a Merchant, all the Country's Fat
He wholly does ingroſs unto himſelf:
Our Oils he buys at his own Price, then ſells them
To us at dearer Rates; our Plate and Jewels,
Under a feign'd Pretence of publick uſe,
He borrows; which deny'd, his Inſtruments force.
The Races of our Horſes he takes from us,
Yet keeps them in our Paſtures; Rapes of Matrons,
And Virgins, are too frequent; never Man
Yet thank'd him for a Pardon; for Religion
It is a thing he dreams not of. *Jul.* I have heard,
How true it is, I know not, that he ſold
The Biſhoprick of *Tarent* to a *Jew*,
For thirteen thouſand Duckets. *Vir.* I was preſent,
And ſaw the Mony paid; the Day would leave me,
E'er I could number out his impious Actions,
Or what the miſerable Subject ſuffers;
And can you entertain, in ſuch a Time,
A thought of Dalliance? Tears, and Sighs, and Groans,
Would better now become you. *Jul.* They indeed are
The only Weapons our poor Sex can uſe,
When we are injur'd; and they may become us;
But for Men that were born free Men, of Rank,
That would be regiſtred Fathers of their Country,
And to have on their Tombs in golden Letters,
The noble Stile of Tyrant-killers, written;
To weep like Fools and Women, and not like wiſe Men
To practiſe a Redreſs, deſerves a Name,
Which fits not me to give. *Vir.* Thy grave Reproof,

If what thou doſt deſire, were poſſible
To be effected, might well argue it,
As wiſe as loving; but if you conſider,
With what ſtrong Guards this Tyrant is defended:
Ruffins, and Male-contents drawn from all Quarters;
That only know to ſerve his impious Will:
The Citadels built by him in the Neck
Of this poor City; the invincible Strength,
Nature, by Art aſſiſted, gave this Caſtle,
And above all his Fear; admitting no Man
To ſee him, but unarm'd, it being Death
For any to approach him with a weapon.
You muſt confeſs, unleſs our Hands were Cannons,
To batter down theſe Walls, our weak Breath Mines
To blow his Forts up; or our Curſes Lightning,
To force a Paſſage to him, and then blaſt him:
Our Power is like to yours, and we, like you,
Weep our Misfortunes. *Jul.* Walls of Braſs reſiſt not
A noble Undertaking; nor can Vice
Raiſe any Bulwark, to make good the Place,
Where Virtue ſeeks to enter; then to fall
In ſuch a brave Attempt, were ſuch an Honour
That *Brutus*, did he live again, would envy.
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers,
Nay, all the Anceſtors I am deriv'd from,
As you, in being what you are, are all theſe;
I had rather wear a mourning Garment for you,
And ſhould be more proud of my Widowhood,
You dying for the Freedom of this Country,
Than if I were aſſur'd, I ſhould enjoy
A Perpetuity of Life and Pleaſure
With you, the Tyrant living. *Vir.* 'Till this Minute,
I never heard thee ſpeak. O more than Woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I find out
A Cabinet to lock a Secret in,
Of equal Truſt to thee? All Doubts and Fears,
That ſcandalize your Sex, be far from me;
Thou ſhalt partake my near and deareſt Councils,
And further them with thine. *Jul.* I will be faithful.
Vir. Know then this Day, ſtand Heav'n propitious to us,
Our Liberty begins. *Jul.* In *Ferrand*'s Death?
Vir. 'Tis plotted Love, and ſtrongly, and believe it,
For nothing elſe could do it, 'twas the Thought,
How to proceed in this Deſign and end it,
That made ſtrange my Embraces. *Jul.* Curs'd be ſhe,
That's ſo indulgent to her own Delights,

That

That for their Satisfaction, would give
A ſtop to ſuch a glorious Enterprize:
For me; I would not for the World, I had been
Guilty of ſuch a Crime; go on and proſper.
Go on my deareſt Lord, I love your Honour
Above my Life; nay yours; my Prayers go with you;
Which I will ſtrengthen with my Tears: The Wrongs
Of this poor Country, edge your Sword; oh may it
Pierce deep into this Tyrant's Heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty Blood,
I'll waſh you clean with Fountains of true Joy.
But who are your Aſſiſtants? Though I am
So covetous of your Glory, that I could wiſh
You had no ſharer in it. *Vir.* Be not curious. [*Knock.*
They come, however you command my Boſom,
To them I would not have you ſeen. *Jul.* I am gone, Sir:
Be confident, and may my Reſolution
Be preſent with you. *Vir.* Such a maſculine Spirit, [*Exit* Jul.
With more than Woman's Virtues, were a Dower
To weigh down a King's Fortune.

Enter Briſſonet, Camillo, *and* Ronvere.

Briſ. Good Day to you. *Cam.* You are an early Stirrer.
Vir. What new Face bring you along?
Ron. If I ſtand doubted, Sir,
As by your Looks I gueſs it, you much injure
A Man that loves, and truly loves this Country.
With as much as Zeal as you do; one that hates
The Prince by whom it ſuffers, and as deadly;
One that dares ſtep as far to gain my Freedom,
As any he that breaths; that wears a Sword
As ſharp as any's. *Cam.* Nay, no more Compariſons.
Ron. What you but whiſper, I dare ſpeak aloud,
Stood the King by; have means to put in act too,
What you but coldly plot; if this deſerve then
Suſpicion in the beſt, the boldeſt, wiſeſt,
Purſue your own Intents, I'll follow mine;
And if I not out-ſtrip you—— *Briſ.* Be aſſur'd, Sir,
A Conſcience like this can never be ally'd
To Treachery. *Cam.* Who durſt ſpeak ſo much,
But one that is like us, a Sufferer,
And ſtands as we affected? *Vir.* You are cozen'd
And all undone; every Intelligencer
Speaks Treaſon with like Licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many Years been train'd
In *Ferrand*'s School, a Man in Truſt and Favour,
Rewarded too, and highly? *Cam.* Grant all this,

The thought of what he was, being as he is now,
A Man diſgrac'd, and with Contempt thrown off;
Will ſpur him to Revenge, as ſwift as they,
That never were in Favour. *Vir.* Poor and childiſh.
Briſ. His Regiment is caſt, that is moſt certain;
And his Command in the Caſtle given away.
Cam. That on my Knowledge.
Vir. Groſſer ſtill; what Shepherd
Would yield the poor Remainder of his Flock
To a known Wolf; though he put on the Habit
Of a moſt faithful Dog, and bark like one?
As this but only talks. *Cam.* Yes, he has Means too.
Vir. I know it to my Grief, weak Men, I know it;
To make his Peace, if there were any War
Between him and his Maſter, by betraying
Our innocent Lives. *Ron.* You are too ſuſpicious,
And I have born too much, beyond my Temper:
Take your own ways, I'll leave you.
Vir. You may ſtay now;
You have enough, and all indeed you fiſh'd for:
But one word Gentlemen; have you diſcover'd
To him alone our Plot?
Briſ. To him, and others that are at his Devotion.
Vir. Worſe and worſe:
For were he only conſcious of our Purpoſe,
Though with the breach of Hoſpitable Laws,
In my own Houſe, I'd ſilence him for ever:
But what is paſt my Help, is paſt my Care.
I have a Life to loſe. *Cam.* Have better hopes.
Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have further'd
Your noble Undertaking, you will ſwear me
Another Man; the Guards I have corrupted,
And of the choice of all our nobleſt Youths,
Attir'd like Virgins, ſuch as Hermits would
Welcome to their ſad Cells, prepar'd a Mask;
As done for the King's Pleaſure. *Vir.* For his ſafety
I rather fear; and as a Pageant to
Uſher our Ruin. *Ron.* We as Torch-bearers
Will wait on theſe; but with ſuch Art and Cunning,
I have convey'd ſharp Poniards in the Wax,
That we may paſs, though ſearch'd, thorow all his Guards,
Without ſuſpicion, and in all his Glory
Oppreſs him, and with ſafety. *Cam.* 'Tis moſt ſtrange.
Vir. To be effected. *Ron.* You are doubtful ſtill.
Briſ. But we reſolv'd to follow him, and if you
Deſiſt now *Virolet*, we will ſay 'tis Fear,

Rather

Rather than Providence. *Cam.* And ſo we leave you, [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. To your wiſe Doubts, and to my better Counſels.
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and truſt me too;
Let me not like *Caſſandra* prophecy Truths,
And never be believ'd, before the Miſchief:
I have heard all, know this *Ronvere* a Villain,
A Villain that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your Ruin, only to make way
To his hopes in my Embraces; at more leaſure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceal'd it
To this laſt Minute; if you ſtay, you are loſt,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known only, a dark Cave
Within this Houſe, a part of my poor Dower,
Where you may lie conceal'd, as in the Center,
Till this rough blaſt be o'er. Where there is Air,
More than to keep in Life, *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his Fears are. *Vir.* 'Tis better fall
Than hide my Head, now 'twas thine own Advice,
My Friends engag'd too. *Jul.* You ſtand further bound,
Than to weak Men that have betray'd themſelves,
Or to my Counſel, though then juſt and loyal:
Your Fancy hath been good, but not your Judgement,
In choice of ſuch to ſide you; will you leap
From a ſteep Tower, becauſe a deſperate Fool
Do's it, and truſts the Wind to ſave his Hazard?
There's more expected from you; all Mens Eyes
Are fixt on *Virolet*, to help, not hurt them;
Make good their Hopes and ours: You have ſworn often,
That you dare credit me, and allow'd me Wiſe
Although a Woman; even Kings in great Actions
Wait opportunity, and ſo muſt you, Sir,
Or loſe your Underſtanding. *Vir.* Thou art conſtant;
I an uncertain Fool, a moſt blind Fool;
Be thou my Guide. *Jul.* If I fail to direct you,
For Torment or Reward, when I am wretched,
May Conſtancy forſake me. *Vir.* I've my ſafety. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſtruccio *and* Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus? *Caſt.* Peace, thou art a Fool.
Vil. But if I were a Flatterer like your Worſhip,
I ſhould be wiſe and rich too;
There are few elſe that proſper, Bawds excepted,
They hold an equal place there. *Caſt.* A ſhrewd Knave;
But oh the King, the happy King! *Vil.* Why happy?
In bearing a great Burthen. *Caſt.* What bears he,

That's born on Princes Shoulders? *Vil.* A Crown's weight,
Which ſets more heavy on his Head, than the Oar
Slaves dig out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.
Caſt. Thou worthily art his Fool, to think that heavy
That carries him in the Air; the Reverence due
To that moſt ſacred Gold, makes him ador'd,
His Footſteps kiſt, his Smiles to raiſe a Beggar
To a Lord's Fortune; and when he but frowns,
The City quakes. *Vil.* Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Coxcombs I ſhould ſay. I am of a Fool,
Grown a Philoſopher, to hear this Parаſite.
Caſt. The Delicates he is ſerv'd with, ſee and envy.
Vil. I had rather have an Onion with a Stomach,
Than theſe without one. *Caſt.* The Celeſtial Muſick,
Such as the Motion of the eternal Sphears [*Still Muſick.*
Yields *Jove*, when he drinks Nectar.
Vil. Here's a fine Knave, yet hath too many Fellows.
Caſt. Then the Beauties,
That with variety of choice Embraces, [*Theſe paſs o'er.*
Renew his Age.
Vil. Help him to crouch rather,
And the *French* Cringe, they are excellent Surgeons that way.
Caſt. Oh Majeſty! Let others think of Heav'n,
While I contemplate thee.
Vil. This is not Atheiſm, but Court obſervance.
Caſt. Now the God appears, uſher'd with Earth-quakes.
Vil. Baſe Idolatry. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter Ferrand, *Guard, Women, and Servants.*

Fer. Theſe Meats are poiſon'd, hang
The Cooks; no note more, on
Forfeit of your Fingers; do you
Envy me a minutes Slumber? what are theſe?
1 *Guard.* The Ladies appointed by your Majeſty.
Fer. To the purpoſe, for what appointed?
1 *Guard.* For your Grace's Pleaſure.
Fer. To ſuck away the little Blood is left me,
By my continual Cares; I am not apt now,
Injoy them firſt, taſte of my Diet once;
And your turns ſerv'd, for fifty Crowns apiece
Their Husbands may redeem them. *Wom.* Great Sir, Mercy.
Fer. I am deaf, why ſtare you? Is what we command
To be diſputed? Who's this? Bring you the Dead
T' upraid me to my Face? *Caſt.* Hold Emperor;
Hold mightieſt of Kings, I am thy Vaſſal,
Thy Foot-ſtool, that durſt not preſume to look
On thy offended Face. *Fer. Caſtruccio*, riſe.

Caſt.

Caſt. Let not the Lightning of thy Eye conſume me,
Nor hear that muſical Tongue, in dreadful Thunder,
That ſpeaks all Mercy. *Vil.* Here's no flattering Rogue.
Caſt. Ferrand, that is the Father of his People,
The Glory of Mankind. *Fer.* No more, no word more;
And while I tell my Troubles to my ſelf,
Be Statues without Motion or Voice,
Though to be flatter'd is an Itch to Greatneſs,
It how offends me. *Vil.* Here's the happy Man;
But ſpeak who dares. *Fer.* When I was innocent,
I yet remember I could Eat and Sleep,
Walk unaffrighted; but now terrible to others:
My Guards cannot keep Fear from me,
It ſtill purſues me; Oh! my wounded Conſcience,
The Bed I would reſt in, is ſtuft with Thorns;
The Ground's ſtrew'd o'er with Adders, and with Aſpicks
Where-e'er I ſet my Foot: But I am in,
And what was got with Cruelty, with Blood
Muſt be defended, though this Life's a Hell,
I fear a worſe hereafter. Ha!

Enter Ronvere *and Guard.*

Ron. My Lord,
Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden Plummet,
With which I ſound mine Enemies Depths and Angers:
Haſt thou diſcover'd? *Ron.* All as you could wiſh, Sir,
The Plot, and the Contrivers; was made one
Of the Conſpiracy. *Fer.* Is *Virolet* in?
Ron. The head of all, he only ſcented me:
And from his fear that I plaid falſe, is fled;
The reſt I have in Fetters. *Fer.* Death and Hell!
Next to my mortal Foe the Pirate *Seſſe*,
I aim'd at him; he's virtuous, and wiſe,
A Lover of his Freedom and his Country's;
Dangerous to ſuch as govern by the Sword,
And ſo to me. No tract which way he went,
No means to overtake him? *Ron.* There's ſome hope left;
But with a rough Hand, to be ſeiz'd upon.
Fer. What is't? *Ron.* If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his Wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the reſt. *Fer.* 'Twas wiſely order'd,
Go fetch them in, and let my Executioners [*Exit* Ron.
Appear in horror with the Rack.
Vil. I take it, Signior, this is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to fool in. *Caſt.* Thou art wiſe in this,
Let's off, it is unſafe to be near *Jove*,

When he begins to Thunder. *Vil.* Good Morality. [*Exit.*

Fer. I that have pierc'd into the Hearts of Men;
Forc'd them to lay open with my looks,
Secrets, whoſe leaſt diſcovery was Death,
Will rend, for what concerns my Life, the Fortreſs
Of a weak Woman's Faith.

Enter Ronvere, *Guard, and Executioners with a Rack.* Camillo, Briſſonet, Pandulpho, *and* Juliana.

Cam. Whate'er we ſuffer,
The weight that loads a Traitor's Heart, ſit ever
Heavy on thine. *Briſ.* As we are caught by thee,
Fall thou by others. *Ron.* Piſh, poor Fools, your Curſes
Will never reach me. *Jul.* Now by my *Virolet*'s Life,
Father, this is a glorious ſtage of Murther.
Here are fine Properties too, and ſuch Spectators
As will expect good Action, to the Life;
Let us perform our parts, and we ſhall live,
When theſe are rotten; would we might begin once;
Are you the Maſter of the Company?
Troth you are tedious now. *Fer.* She does deride me.

Jul. Thee and thy Power; if one poor Syllable
Could win me an aſſurance of thy Favour,
I would not ſpeak it. I deſire to be
The great Example of thy cruelty,
To whet which on, know *Ferrand*, I alone
Can make diſcovery where my *Virolet* is,
Whoſe Life I know thou aim'ſt at; but if Tortures
Compell me to't, may hope of Heav'n forſake me;
I dare thy worſt. *Fer.* Are we contemn'd? *Jul.* Thou art,
Thou and thy Miniſters, my Life is thine;
But in the death of Victory ſhall be mine.

Pand. We have ſuch a Miſtreſs here to teach us Courage,
That Cowards might learn from her.

Fer. You are ſlow; [*Put on the Rack.*
Begin the Scene thou miſerable Fool,
For ſo I'll make thee. *Jul.* 'Tis not in thy reach;
I am happy in my ſufferings, thou moſt wretched.

Fer. So brave! I'll tame you yet; pluck hard, Villains;
Is ſhe inſenſible? No Sigh nor Groan? Or is ſhe dead?

Jul. No Tyrant, though I ſuffer
More than a Woman, beyond Fleſh and Blood;
'Tis in a Cauſe ſo honourable, that I ſcorn
With any Sign that may expreſs a Sorrow
To ſhew I do repent. *Fer.* Confeſs yet, and
Thou ſhalt be ſafe. *Jul.* 'Tis wrapt up in my Soul,
From whence thou canſt not force it. *Fer.* I will be

Ten

Ten Days a killing thee. *Jul.* Be twenty thouſand,
My Glory lives the longer. *Ron.* 'Tis a Miracle,
She tires th' Executioners, and me.
Fer. Unlooſe her, I am conquer'd, I muſt take
Some other way; reach her my Chair, in honour
Of her invincible Fortitude. *Ron.* Will you not
Diſpatch the reſt? *Fer.* When I ſeem merciful,
Aſſure thy ſelf, *Ronvere*, I am moſt cruel.
Thou wonder of thy Sex, and of this Nation,
That has chang'd my Severity to Mercy,
Not to thy ſelf alone, but to thy People,
In which I do include theſe Men, my Enemies:
Unbind them. *Pand.* This is ſtrange. *Fer.* For your Intent
Againſt my Life, which you dare not deny,
I only ask one Service. *Cam.* Above Hope.
Fer. There rides a Pirate near, the Duke of *Seſſe*,
My Enemy and this Country's, that in Bonds
Holds my dear Friend *Aſcanio*; free this Friend,
Or bring the Pirat's Head; beſides your Pardon,
And Honour of the Action, your Reward
Is forty thouſand Ducates: And becauſe
I know that *Virolet* is as bold as wiſe,
Be he your General. As pledge of your Faith,
That you will undertake it, let this old Man
And this moſt conſtant Matron ſtay with me,
Of whom, as of my ſelf, I will be careful.
She ſhall direct you where her Husband is.
Make Choice of any Ship you think moſt uſeful,
They are rigg'd for you.

[*Exeunt Guard, with* Juliana *and* Pandulpho.

Briſ. We with Joy accept it.
Cam. And will proclaim King *Ferrand* merciful. [*Exeunt.*
Ron. The Myſtery of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your Nature? *Fer.* I'll make thee private to it.
The Lives of theſe weak Men, and deſperate Woman,
Would no way have ſecur'd me, had I took them,
'Tis *Virolet* I aim at; he has Pow'r,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Seſſe*,
And he prove Conqueror, I am aſſur'd
They'll find no Mercy; if that they prove Victors,
I ſhall recover, with my Friend, his Head
I moſt deſire of all Men. *Ron.* Now I have it.
Fer. I'll make thee underſtand the Drift of all.
So we ſtand ſure, thus much for thoſe that fall. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Boatſwain and Gunner,

Boatſ. LAY here before the wind; up with your Canvas,
And let her work, the Wind begins to whiſtle,
Clap all her Streamers on, and let her dance,
As if ſhe were the Minion of the Ocean.
Let her beſtride the Billows 'till they roar,
And curl their wanton Heads. Ho, below there:
Ho, ho, within.
Lay her North-Eaſt, and thruſt her Miſſen out,
The Day grows fair and clear, and the Wind courts us.
Oh for a luſty Sail now, to give chaſe to.
Gun. A ſtubborn Bark, that wou'd but bear up to us,
And change a Broadſide bravely. *Boatſ.* Where's the Duke?
Gun. I have not ſeen him ſtir to Day. *Boat.* Oh Gunner,
What Bravery dwells in his Age, and what Valour?
And to his Friends, what Gentleneſs and Bounty?
How long have we been Inhabitants at Sea here?
Gun. Some fourteen Years.
Boatſ. By fourteen Lives I ſwear then,
This Element never nouriſh'd ſuch a Pirate,
So great, ſo fearleſs, and ſo fortunate,
So patient in his Want, in Act ſo valiant.
How many Sail of well mann'd Ships before us,
As the *Bonuto* does the flying Fiſh,
Have we purſu'd and ſcourg'd, that to out-ſtrip us,
They have been fain to hang their very Shirts on?
What Gallies have we bang'd, and ſunk, and taken;
Whole only Fraughts were Fire, and ſtern Defyance?
And nothing ſpoke but Bullet in all theſe.
How like old *Neptune* have I ſeen our General
Standing i'th Poop, and toſſing his Steel Trident,
Commanding both the Sea and Winds to ſerve him?
Gun. His Daughter too; which is the Honour, Boat-ſwain,
Of all her Sex; that martial Maid. *Boatſ.* A brave Wench.
Gun. How oftentimes, a Fight being new begun,
Has ſhe leap'd down, and took my Linſtock from me,
And crying, now fly right, fir'd all my Chaſers?
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddeſs,
Her Target brac'd upon her Arm, her Sword drawn,
And Anger in her Eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hall'd the Bark. I have wondred, Boatſwain,
That in a Body made ſo delicate,
So ſoft for ſweet Embraces, ſo much Fire,

And

And manly Soul, not ſtarting at a Danger.
Boatſ. Her noble Father got her in his Fury,
And ſo ſhe proves a Soldier. *Gun.* This too I wonder at,
Taking ſo many Strangers as he does,
He uſes them with that Reſpect and Coolneſs,
Not making Prize, but only borrowing
What may ſupply his Want; nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may ſtand in need of,
And then parts lovingly. Where, if he take
His Countryman, that ſhould be neareſt to him,
And ſtand moſt free from Danger, he ſure pays for't:
He drowns or hangs the Men, ranſacks the Bark,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his Fortune
Boatſ. The Wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Country,
That's all I know has purchas'd all his Cruelty.
We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly Boys,
The Ship runs merrily, my Captain's melancholly,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight:
I hope to meet a Sail Boy, and a right one.
Gun. That's my Hope too, I am ready for the Paſtime.
Boat. I'th' mean time let's beſtow a Song upon him,
To ſhake him from his Dumps, and bid good Day to him.
Ho, in the Hold.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here, here.
Boatſ. To th' Main-Top, Boy,
And thou ken'ſt a Ship that dares defie us,
Here's Gold. *Boy.* I am gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Boatſ. Come, Sirs, a quaint *Levet.* [*Trump. a* Levet.
To waken our brave General. Then to our Labour.
Enter Duke of Seſſe *above, and his Daughter* Martia *like an* Amazon.
Seſſe. I thank you loving Mates, I thank you all;
There's to prolong your Mirth; and good morrow to you.
Mart. Take this from me, you're honeſt, valiant Friends,
And ſuch we muſt make much of. Not a Sail ſtirring?
Gun. Not any within ken yet. *Boatſ.* Without doubt, Lady,
The Wind ſtanding ſo fair and full upon us,
We ſhall have ſport anon. But noble General,
Why are you ſtill ſo ſad? You take our Edge off;
You make us dull, and ſpiritleſs. *Seſſe.* I'll tell ye,
Becauſe I will provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my Cauſe, 'twill double arm you.
This Woman ne'er knew it yet; my Daughter,
Some Diſcontents ſhe has. *Mart.* Pray Sir, go forward.
Seſſe. Theſe fourteen Years, I have ſtored it here at Sea,
Where the moſt curious Thought could never find it.

Boatſ.

Boatſ. Call up the Maſter, and all the Mates.

Enter below the Maſter and Sailors.

Seſſe. Good Morrow.

Maſt. Good morrow to our General, a good one,
And to that noble Lady all good Wiſhes.

Mart. I thank you Maſter. *Seſſe.* Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have diſcovered,
'Till full Revenge had woed me; but to ſatisfie
My faithful Friends, thus I caſt off my Burthen.
In that ſhort time I was a Courtier,
And followed that moſt hated of all Princes,
Ferrand, the full Example of all Miſchiefs,
Compell'd to follow to my Soul a Stranger,
It was my Chance one Day to play at Cheſs
For ſome few Crowns, with a Minion of this King's,
A mean poor Man, that only ſerv'd his Pleaſures;
Removing of a Rook, we grew to Words;
From this to hotter Anger: To be ſhort,
I got a Blow. *Mart.* How, how, my noble Father!

Seſſe. A Blow, my Girl, which I had ſoon repaid,
And ſunk the Slave for ever, had not odds
Thruſt in betwixt us. I went away diſgrac'd———

Mart. For Honours ſake not ſo, Sir.

Seſſe. For that time, Wench;
But call'd upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private Friends; knockt at his Valour,
Courted his Honour hourly to repair me;
And though he were a thing my Thoughts made ſlight on,
And only worth the Fury of my Footman,
Still I purſu'd him nobly. *Mart.* Did he eſcape you?
My old brave Father, could you ſit down ſo coldly?

Seſſe. Have Patience, and know all. Purſu'd him fairly,
'Till I was laugh'd at, ſcorn'd, my Wrongs made May-games.
By him unjuſtly wrong'd, ſhould be all Juſtice,
The Slave protected; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he ſuppos'd all had been buried,
And what I had receiv'd, durſt not be queſtioned;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever ſunk; his poor Life, like the Air,
Blown in an empty Bubble, burſt, and left him,
No noble Wind of Memory to raiſe him.
But then began my Miſery, I fled,
The King's Frowns following, and my Friends Deſpair:
No Hand that durſt relieve; my Country fearful,
Baſely and weakly fearful of a Tyrant,
Which made his bad Will worſe, ſtood ſtill and wondred.

Their

Their Virtues bed-rid in 'em; then my Girl,
A little one, I ſnatch'd thee from thy Nurſe,
The Model of thy Father's Miſeries,
And ſome ſmall Wealth was fit for preſent Carriage,
And got to Sea, where I profeſt my Anger,
And will do, whilſt that baſe ungrateful Country,
And that bad King, have Blood or Means to quench me.
Now ye know all.
Maſt. We know all, and admire all;
Go on, and do all ſtill, and ſtill be fortunate.
Mart. Had you done leſs, or loſt this noble Anger,
You had been worthy then Mens empty Pities,
And not their Wonders. Go on, and uſe your Juſtice,
And uſe it ſtill with that fell Violence,
It firſt appeared to you; if you go leſs,
Or take a dyating Mercy to Protection,
The Honour of a Father I diſclaim in you,
Call back all duty; and will be prouder of
Th' infamous and baſe Name of a Whore,
Than Daughter to a great Duke and a Coward.
Seſſe. Mine own ſweet *Martia*, no; thou know'ſt my Nature,
It cannot, muſt not be. *Mart.* I hope it ſhall not.
But why, Sir, do you keep alive ſtill young *Aſcanio*,
Prince of *Roſſana*, King *Ferrand*'s moſt belov'd one,
You took two Months ago? Why is not he
Flung over Board, or hang'd? *Seſſe.* I'll tell thee, Girl.
It were a Mercy in my Nature now,
So ſoon to break the Bed of his Afflictions;
I am not ſo far reconcil'd yet to him,
To let him die; that were a Benefit.
Beſides, I keep him as a Bait and Diet,
To draw on more, and nearer to the King;
I look each Hour to hear of his *Armado's*,
And a hot Welcome they ſhall have. *Mart.* But hark you?
If you were over-ſway'd with Odds——— *Seſſe.* I find you:
I would not yield; no Girl, no hope of yielding,
Nor fling my ſelf one Hour into their Mercies,
And give the Tyrant Hope to gain his Kingdom.
No, I can ſink, Wench, and make ſhift to die;
A thouſand Doors are open, I ſhall hit one.
I am no Niggard of my Life, ſo it go nobly:
All Ways are equal, and all Hours, I care not.
Mart. Now you ſpeak like my Father. *Maſt.* Noble General,
If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the Main-yard light upon us.
No, we can ſink too, Sir, and ſink low enough,

To poſe their cruelties to follow us:
And he that thinks of Life, if the World go that way,
A thouſand Cowards ſuck his Bones. *Gun.* Let the worſt come,
I can unbreech a Cannon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keel; and when ſhe has ſplit it,
Every Man knows his way, his own Prayers,
And ſo good Night I think. *Maſt.* We have liv'd all with you,
And will die with you, General. *Seſſe.* I thank you, Gentlemen.
Boy above. A Sail, a Sail. *Maſt.* A chearful Sound. *Boy.* A Sail.
Boatſ. Of whence? of whence, Boy? *Boy.* A luſty Sail.
Mart. Look right, and look again.
Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And fomes i'th' Mouth. *Boatſ.* Of whence?
Boy. I ken not yet, Sir.
Seſſe. Oh may ſhe prove of *Naples*. *Maſt.* Prove the Devil,
We'll ſpit out fire as thick as ſhe. *Boy.* Hoy. *Maſt.* Brave Boy.
Boy. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, I think of *Naples* Maſter,
Methinks I ſee the Arms. *Maſt.* Up, up another,
And give more certain ſigns. [*Exit Sailor.*
Seſſe. All to your Buſineſs,
And ſtand but right and true.
Boatſ. Hang him that halts now. *Boy.* Sh' as us in chaſe.
Maſt. We'll ſpare her our main Top-ſail,
She ſhall not look us long, we are no Starters.
Down with the Fore-ſail too, we'll ſpoom before her.
Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my Honour
Load me but theſe two Minions in the chape there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid fair welcome,
And be thine Eye and Level as thine Heart is.
Gun. Madam, I'll ſcratch 'em out, I'll piſs 'em out elſe.
Sail. above. Ho. *Seſſe.* Of whence now?
Sail. Of *Naples*, *Naples*, *Naples*.
I ſee her Top-Flag, how ſhe quarters *Naples*.
I hear her Trumpets.
Seſſe. Down, ſhe's welcome to us. [*Ex. Maſt. Boatſ. Gun. Sail.*
Every Man to his Charge, Man her i'th' Bow well,
And place your Rakers right. Daughter, be ſparing.
Mart. I ſwear I'll be above, Sir, in the thickeſt,
And where moſt Danger is, I'll ſeek for Honour.
They have begun, hark how their Trumpets call us.
Hark how the wide-mouth'd Cannons ſing amongſt us;
Hark how they ſail; out of our Shells for ſhame, Sir.
Seſſe. Now Fortune and my Cauſe.
Mart. Be bold and conquer. [*Exe.*
[*Charge Trumpets and ſhot within.*

Enter

Enter Maſter and Boatſwain.

Maſt. They'll board us once again, they're tuff and valiant.
Boatſ. Twice we have blown 'em into th' Air like Feathers,
And made 'em dance. *Maſt.* Good Boys, fight bravely, manly.
They come on yet, clap in her Stern, and yoke 'em.

Enter Gunner.

Gun. You ſhould not need, I have Proviſion for 'em;
Let 'em board once again, the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant:
I have a ſecond courſe of ſervice for 'em,
Shall make the Bowels of their Bark ake, Boy:
The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle? [*Ex.*

[*Charge Trumpets, Pieces go off.*

Enter Maſter, Boatſwain following.

Maſt. Down with 'em, ſtow 'em in. (Sea.
Boatſ. Cut their Throats, 'tis Brotherhood to fling 'em into the
The Duke is hurt, ſo is his lovely Daughter *Martia.*
We have the Day yet.

Enter Gunner. (ſlew.

Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have ſmoak'd us, never ſuch Plums yet
Boatſ. They have rent the Ship, and bor'd a hundred holes,
She ſwims luſtily.
Maſt. She made a brave fight, and ſhe ſhall be cur'd,
And make a braver yet.
Gun. Bring us ſome Cans up, I am as hot as fire.

Enter a Boy with three Cans.

Boatſ. I am ſure I am none o'th' cooleſt.
Gun. My Cannons rung like Bells. Here's to my Miſtreſs,
The dainty ſweet braſs Minion: ſplit their Fore-maſt,
She never fail'd.
Maſt. Ye did all well, and truly, like faithful honeſt Men.
Boatſ. But is ſhe rich, Maſter? [*Trumpets flouriſh.*

Enter Seſſe, Martia, Virolet, *and Sailors.*

Maſt. Rich for my Captain's purpoſe howſoever,
And we are his. How bravely now he ſhows,
Heated in Blood and Anger? How do you, Sir?
Not wounded mortally, I hope?
Seſſe. No, Maſter, but only wear the Livery of Fury.
I am hurt, and deep.
Maſt. My Miſtreſs too? *Mart.* A ſcratch, Man,
My Needle would ha' done as much. Good Sir,
Be provident and careful. *Seſſe.* Prithee Peace Girl,
This Wound is not the firſt Blood I have bluſht in:
Ye fought all like tall Men, my thanks among ye,
That ſpeaks not what my Purſe means, but my Tongue, Soldiers.
Now, Sir, to you that fought me out, that found me,

That found me what I am, the Tyrant's Tyrant;
You that were imp'd, the weak arm to his folly,
You are welcome to your Death. *Vir.* I do expect it,
And therefore need no Compliment, but wait it.
Seſſe. Thou bor'ſt the Face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rank'd in the firſt file of the virtuous,
By every hopeful Spirit, ſhewed and pointed,
Thy Country's Love; one that advanc'd her Honour,
Not tainted with the baſe and ſervile uſes
The Tyrant tyes Mens Souls to. Tell me, *Virolet*,
If ſhame have not forſook thee, with thy credit?
Vir. No more of theſe Racks; what I am, I am.
I hope not to go free with poor Confeſſions;
Nor if I ſhew ill, will I ſeem a Monſter,
By making my Mind Priſoner; do your worſt.
When I came out to deal with you, I caſt it,
Only thoſe baſe inflictions fit for Slaves,
Becauſe I am a Gentleman —— *Seſſe.* Thou art none.
Thou waſt while thou ſtoodſt good, thou'rt now a Villain,
And Agent for the Devil. *Vir.* That Tongue lies.
Give me my Sword again, and ſtand all arm'd;
I'll prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman,
A Man as fair in Honour; rate your Priſoners,
How poor and like a Pedagogue it ſhews?
How far from Nobleneſs? 'tis fair, you may kill's;
But to defame your Victory with foul Language.
Seſſe. Go fling him over-board; I'll teach you, Sirrah.
Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in deſpiſing all your cruelties,
And make you choak with anger. *Seſſe.* Away I ſay.
Mart. Stay, Sir, h'as given you ſuch bold Language,
I am not reconcil'd to him yet, and therefore
He ſhall not have his wiſh obſerv'd ſo nearly,
To die when he pleaſe; I beſeech you ſtay, Sir.
Seſſe. Do with him what thou wilt. *Mart.* Carry him to th' Bilboes,
And clap him faſt there, with the Prince. *Vir.* Do, Lady,
For any Death you give, I am bound to bleſs you.
[*Exeunt* Vir. *and Sailors.*
Mart. Now to your Cabin, Sir; pray lean upon me,
And take your reſt, the Surgeons wait all for you.
Seſſe. Thou mak'ſt me bluſh to ſee thee bear thy Fortunes;
Why, ſure I have no hurt, I have not fought ſure?
Maſt. You bleed apace, Sir. *Mart.* Ye grow cold too.
Seſſe. I muſt be rul'd, no leaning,
My deepeſt Wounds ſcorn Crutches.
All. A brave General. [*Flouriſh Trumpets, Cornets.* *Exe.*

Enter

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Will they not moore her?

2 *Sail.* Not 'till we come to the Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at work; ſhe ſwims well,
And may hold out another fight. The Ship we took
Burns there, to give us light.

1 *Sail.* She made a brave fight.

2 *Sail.* She put us all in fear.

1 *Sail.* Beſhrew my Heart did ſhe.
Her Men are gone to *Candia*, they are pepper'd,
All but this Priſoner.

2 *Sail.* Sure he's a brave Fellow.

1 *Sail.* A ſtubborn Knave, but we have pul'd his Bravery.
[*He diſcovers* Virolet *and* Aſcanio *in the Bilboes.*
Look how he looks now: come, let's go ſerve his Diet,
Which is but Bread and Water.

2 *Sail.* He'll grow fat on't. [*Exeunt Sailors.*

Aſca. I muſt confeſs I have endur'd much miſery,
Even almoſt to the ruin of my Spirit,
But ten times more grows my Affliction,
To find my Friend here. *Vir.* Had we ſerv'd our Country,
Or Honeſties, as we have ſerv'd our Follies,
We had not been here now. *Aſca.* 'Tis too true, *Virolet.*

Vir. And yet my end in vent'ring for your ſafety,
Pointed at more than *Ferrand*'s Will, a baſe one;
Some ſervice for mine own, ſome for my Nation,
Some for my Friend; but I am rightly paid,
That durſt adventure ſuch a noble Office,
From the moſt treacherous command of miſchief;
You know him now? *Aſca.* And when I nearer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heav'n be witneſs with me,
(And if I lie my Miſeries ſtill load me)
With what Tears I have wooed him, with what Prayers,
What weight of Reaſons I have laid, what dangers;
Then, when the Peoples Curſes flew like ſtorms,
And every Tongue was whetted to defame him,
To leave his Doubts, his Tyrannies, his Slaughters,
His fell Oppreſſions: I know I was hated too.

Vir. And all Mankind that knew him; theſe Confeſſions
Do no good to the World, to Heav'n they may.
Let's ſtudy to die well, we have liv'd like Coxcombs.

Aſca. That my misfortune, ſhould loſe you too.

Vir. Yes;
And not only me, but many more, and better:
For my life, 'tis not this; or might I ſave yours,

And ſome brave Friends I have engag'd, let me go;
It were the meritorious Death I wiſh for,
But we muſt hang or drown like Whelps. *Aſca.* No Remedy.
Vir. On my part I expect none. I know the Man,
And know he has been nettled to the quick too,
I know his Nature. *Aſca.* A moſt cruel Nature.
Vir. His Wrongs have bred him up. I cannot blame him.
Aſca. He has a Daughter too, the greateſt Scorner,
And moſt Inſulter upon Miſery.
Vir. For thoſe, they are Toys to laugh at, not to lead Men:
A Woman's Mirth or Anger, like a Meteor,
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it;
Our Miſeries would ſeem like Maſters to us,
And ſhake our manly Spirits into Feavers,
If we reſpected thoſe; the more they glory,
And raiſe inſulting Trophies on our Ruins,
The more our Virtues ſhine in patience.
Sweet Prince, the name of Death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud Torrent
Of all Afflictions, ſinging as they ſwim,
A Gall of Heart, but to a guilty Conſcience:
Whilſt we ſtand fair, though by a two-edg'd Storm
We find untimely falls, like early Roſes,
Bent to the Earth, we bear our Native Sweetneſs.
Aſca. Good Sir, go on. *Vir.* When we are little Children,
And cry and fret for every Toy comes croſs us;
How ſweetly do we ſhew, when Sleep ſteals on us?
When we grow great, but our Affections greater,
And ſtruggle with this ſtubborn twin, born with us;
And tug and pull, yet ſtill we find a Giant:
Had we not then the priviledge to ſleep,
Our everlaſting Sleep, he would make us Ideots;
The Memory and Monuments of good Men
Are more than Lives, and tho' their Tombs want Tongues,
Yet have they Eyes that daily ſweat their loſſes;
And ſuch a Tear from ſtone no time can value.
To die both young and good, are Nature's curſes,
As the World ſays; ask Truth, they are bounteous Bleſſings:
For then we reach at Heav'n, in our full Virtues,
And fix our ſelves new Stars, crown'd with our goodneſs.
Aſca. You have double arm'd me. Hark, what noiſe is this?
[*Strange Muſick within. Hauthoys.*
What horrid noiſe is the Sea pleas'd to ſing,
A hideous *Dirge* to our deliverance? *Vir.* Stand faſt now.
[*Within ſtrange Cries, horrid Noiſe, Trumpets.*
Aſca. I am fixt. *Vir.* We fear ye not,

Let

Let Death appear in all ſhapes we ſmile on him.

Enter Martia.

Aſca. The Lady now. *Vir.* The Face o'th' Mask is alter'd.
Aſca. What will ſhe do? *Vir.* Do what ſhe can, I care not.
Aſca. She looks on you, Sir. *Vir.* Rather ſhe looks thro' me,
But yet ſhe ſtirs me not. *Mart.* Poor wretched Slaves,
Why do you live? or if ye hope for Mercy,
Why do you not houl out, and fill the Hold
With lamentations, cries, and baſe ſubmiſſions,
Worthy our ſcorn? *Vir.* Madam, you are miſtaken,
We are no Slaves to you, but to blind Fortune;
And if ſhe had her Eyes, and durſt be certain,
Certain our Friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor ask ſo baſe a Mercy:
If you ſee any thing in our Appearance,
Worthy your Sexes Softneſs and your own Glory,
Do it for that, and let that good reward it:
We cannot beg. *Mart.* I'll make you beg and bow too.
Vir. Madam, for what? *Mart.* For Life; and when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your Baſeneſs.
Aſca. Madam, 'tis true, there may be ſuch a favour,
And we may ask it too, ask it with Honour;
And thank you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Though it be Death; but when we beg a baſe Life,
And beg it of your ſcorn—— *Vir.* You're cozen'd Woman,
Your handſomneſs may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate—— *Mart.* Are ye ſo ſtubborn?
'Death, I will make you bow. *Vir.* It muſt be in your Bed then;
There you may work me to humility.
Mart. Why, I can kill thee. *Vir.* If you do it handſomly,
It may be I can thank you, elſe—— *Mart.* So glorious?
Aſca. Her Cruelty now works. *Mart.* Yet woot now? *Vir.* No.
Mart. Wilt thou for Life ſake? *Vir.* No, I know your ſubtilty.
Mart. For Honour ſake? *Vir.* I will not be a Pageant,
My Mind was ever firm, and ſo I'll loſe it.
Mart. I'll ſtarve thee to it. *Vir.* I'll ſtarve my ſelf, and croſs it.
Mart. I'll lay thee on ſuch miſeries—— *Vir.* I'll wear 'em,
And with that wantonneſs, you do your Bracelets.
Mart. I'll be a Month a killing thee. *Vir.* Poor Lady,
I'll be a Month a dying then; what's that?
There's many a Calenture out-does your cruelty.
Mart. How might I do in killing of his Body,
To ſave his noble Mind? Who waits there?

Enter a Sailor with a rich Cap and Mantle.

Sail. Madam.
Mart. Unbolt this Man, and leave thoſe things behind you;

And

And ſo away: Now put 'em on. [*Exit Sailor.*
Vir. To what end? (you.
Mart. To my End, to my Will. *Vir.* I will. *Mart.* I thank
Vir. Nay, now you thank me, I'll do more. I'll tell ye,
I am a Servant to your courteſie,
And ſo far will be woo'd; but if this Triumph
Be only aim'd to make your Miſchief glorious,
Lady, you've put a richer Shroud upon me,
Which my ſtrong Mind ſhall ſuffer in.
Mart. Come hither,
And all thy Bravery put into thy Carriage,
For I will admire thee. *Vir.* Whither will this Woman?
Aſca. Take heed, my Friend.
Mart. Look as thou ſcornd'ſt my Cruelty,
I know thou doſt. *Vir.* I never fear'd nor flatter'd.
Mart. No, if thou hadſt, thou hadſt died, and I had gloried.
I ſuffer now, and thou which art my Priſoner,
Haſt nobly won the free Power to deſpiſe me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleneſs;
And, for thy manly Sufferance, am thy Servant.
Vir. Good Lady, mock me not. *Mart.* By Heav'n I love thee;
And by the Soul of Love, am one piece with thee:
Thy Mind, thy Mind; thy brave, thy manly Mind,
That like a Rock, ſtands all the ſtorms of Fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back, they cannot reach thee:
That lovely Mind I doat on, not the Body;
That Mind has robb'd me of my Liberty;
That Mind has darken'd all my Bravery,
And into poor deſpis'd things turn'd my Angers.
Receive me to your Love, Sir, and inſtruct me;
Receive me to your Bed, and marry me;
I'll wait upon you, bleſs the hour I knew you.
Vir. Is this a new way? *Mart.* If you doubt my Faith,
Firſt take your liberty; I'll make it perfect,
Or any thing within my power. *Vir.* I love you,
But how to recompence your Love with Marriage?
Alas, I have a Wife. *Mart.* Dearer than I am?
That will adventure ſo much for your ſafety?
Forget her Father's Wrongs, quit her own Honour,
Pull on her, for a Stranger's ſake, all curſes?
Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too?
Elſe all I love is gone, all my Friends periſh.
Mart. He ſhall. *Vir.* What ſhall I do?
Mart. If thou deſpiſe my courteſie,
When I am dead, for grief I am forſaken,
And no ſoft Hand left to aſſwage your Sorrows;

Too

Too late; but too true, curſe your own cruelties.
Aſca. Be wiſe; if ſhe be true, no thread is left elſe,
To guide us from this Labyrinth of miſchief;
Nor no way for our Friends. *Vir.* Thus then I take you,
I bind ye to my Life, my Love. *Mart.* I take you,
And with the like Bond tye my Heart your Servant;
We're now almoſt at Harbour, within this Hour,
In the dead Watch, I'll have the Long-boat ready,
And when I give the word, be ſure you enter,
I'll ſee ye furniſh'd both immediately,
And like your ſelf ſome truſty Man ſhall wait you,
The watch I'll make my own; only my Love
Requires a ſtronger Vow, which I'll adminiſter
Before we go. *Vir.* I'll take it to confirm you.
Mart. Go in, there are the Keys, unlock his Fetters,
And arm ye nobly both; I'll be with you preſently;
And ſo this loving Kiſs. *Aſca.* Be conſtant, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke of Seſſe *by Torch-light, Maſter and Surgeon with him.*

Surg. You grow ſo angry Sir, your Wound goes backward.
Seſſe. I am angry at the time, at none of you,
That ſends but one poor Subject for Revenge;
I would have all the Court, and all the Villany
Was ever practis'd under that foul *Ferrand*
Tyrant, and all to quench my Wrath. *Maſt.* Be patient,
Your Grace may find occaſion every Hour,
For certain they will ſeek you to ſatisfie,
And to the full, your Anger. *Seſſe.* 'Death, they dare not:
They know that I command Death, feed his Hunger,
And when I let him looſe—— *Surg.* You'll never heal, Sir,
If theſe extreams dwell in you; you are old,
And burn your Spirits out with this wild Anger.
Seſſe. Thou lieſt, I am not old, I am as luſty
And full of manly heat as them, or thou art.
Maſt. No more of that. *Seſſe.* And dare ſeek out a Danger;
And hold him at the Swords Point, when thou trembleſt
And creepeſt into thy Box of Salves to ſave thee.
Oh Maſter, I have had a dreadful Dream to Night!
Methought the Ship was all on Fire, and my lov'd Daughter
To ſave her Life, leapt into the Sea; where ſuddenly
A Stranger ſnatch'd her up, and ſwam away with her.
Maſt. 'Twas but the heat o' th' Fight, Sir.
[*Boatſwain within, and Sailor.*
Boatſ. Look out, what's that? *Sail.* The Long-boat, as I live.
Boatſ. Ho, there i' th' Long-boat.

Seſſe. What Noiſe is that! [*Hoy.*
I hear Sir——— [*Exit Maſter.*
Boatſ. The Devil or his Dam; Hail her again Boys.
Sail. The Long-boat, ho, the Long-boat.
Seſſe. Why, the Long-boat?
Where is the Long-boat? *Boatſ.* She is ſtolen off.
Enter Maſter.
Seſſe. Who ſtole her?
Oh my prophetick Soul! *Maſt.* Your Daughter's gone, Sir:
The Priſoners and ſix Sailors, Rogues.
Seſſe. Miſchief, ſix thouſand Plagues ſail with 'em;
They're in her yet, make out. *Maſt.* We ha' ne'er a Boat.
Enter Gunner. (away.
Gun. Who knew of this Trick? *Seſſe.* Weigh Anchors and
Boatſ. We ha' no Wind, Sir,
They'll beat us with their Oars. *Seſſe.* Then ſink 'em Gunner,
Oh ſink 'em, ſink 'em, ſink 'em, claw 'em Gunner;
As ever thou haſt lov'd me. *Gun.* I'll do reaſon,
But I'll be hang'd before I'll hurt the Lady. [*Exit Gun.*
Seſſe. Who knew of this? [*Trump. a piece or two go off.*
Maſt. We ſtand all clear. *Seſſe.* What Devil
Put this baſe trick into her Tail? My Daughter,
And run away with Rogues! I hope ſhe's ſunk, [*A Piece or two.*
Or torn to Pieces with the Shot. Rots find her,
The Leaproſie of Whore ſtick ever to her,
Oh ſhe has ruin'd my Revenge.
Enter Gunner.
Gun. She is gone, Sir.
I cannot reach her with my Shot. *Seſſe.* Riſe Winds,
Blow till ye burſt the Air, and ſwell the Seas,
That they may ſink the Stars, Oh dance her, dance her;
She's impudently Wanton, dance her, dance her,
Mount her upon your Surges, cool her, cool her;
She runs hot like a Whore, cool her, cool her.
Oh now a ſhot to ſink her, cut Cables,
I will away, and where ſhe ſets her Foot,
Although it be in *Ferrand*'s Court, I'll follow her,
And ſuch a Father's Vengeance ſhall ſhe ſuffer———
Dare any Man ſtand by me? *Maſt.* All, all. *Boatſ.* All, Sir.
Gun. And the ſame Cup you taſte. *Seſſe.* Cut Cables then;
For I ſhall never ſleep, nor know what Peace is,
Till I have plukt her Heart out.
All within. Oh main there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ferrand, Ronvere, Caſtruccio, Villio, *and Guard.*

Ron. YOU are too gentle, Sir. [*Flouriſh Cornets.*
Fer. You are too careleſs:
The Creatures I have made, no way regard me:
Why ſhould I give you Names, Titles of Honour,
Rob Families to fill your private Houſes;
For your Advancement draw all Curſes on me,
Wake tedious Winter Nights, to make them happy,
That for me break no ſlumber? *Ron.* What we can,
We dare do. *Fer.* Why is your Sovereign's Life then
(In which you live, and in whoſe fall your Honours,
Your Wealth, your Pomp, your Pride, and all muſt ſuffer)
No better guarded? Oh my cruel Stars,
That mark me out a King, raiſing me on
This Pinnacle of Greatneſs, only to be
The nearer blaſting! *Vil.* What think you now, *Caſtruccio*?
Is not this a merry Life? *Caſt.* Still thou art cozen'd;
It is a glorious royal Diſcontentment;
How bravely it becomes him! *Fer.* To be made
The common But, for every Slave to ſhoot at;
No peace, no reſt I take, but their Alarms
Beat at my Heart; why do I live, or ſeek then,
To add a Day more to theſe glorious Troubles?
Or to what end, when all I can arrive at,
Is but the ſumming up of Fears and Sorrows.
What Power has my Command, when from my Boſom
Aſcanio, my moſt dear and lov'd *Aſcanio*,
Was ſnatch'd, ſpite of my Will, ſpite of my Succour?
And by mine own proud Slave, retain'd moſt miſerable?
And ſtill that Villain lives to nip my Pleaſures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
Ron. Time may reſtore all this; and would you hear
Whoſe Counſel never fail'd you. *Fer.* Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my Cares;
And yield my ſelf moſt wrerched. *Ron.* On my Knees
I beg it, mighty Sir, vouchſafe me hearing.
Fer. Speak, ſpeak, and I thus low, ſuch is my Fortune,
Will hear what thou canſt ſay. *Vil.* Look but on this,
Has not a Man that has but means to keep
A Hawk, a Greyhound, and a Hunting Nag,
More Pleaſure than this King? *Caſt.* A dull Fool ſtill,
Make me a King, and let me ſcratch with Care,

And ſee who'll have the better; give me Rule,
Command, Obedience, Pleaſure of a King,
And let the Devil roar: The greateſt Corroſive
A King can have, is of more precious tickling,
And handled to the height, more dear Delight,
Than other Mens whole Lives, let 'em be ſafe too.
Vil. Think of the mutinous People. *Caſt.* Hang the People,
Give me the Pleaſure, let me do all, awe all,
Enjoy their Wives and States at my Diſcretion,
And peg 'em when I pleaſe, let the Slaves mumble.
Vil. But ſay they ſhould be vex'd, and riſe againſt thee?
Caſt. Let 'em riſe, let 'em riſe; give me the Bridle here,
And ſee if they can crack my Girths: Ah *Villio*,
Under the Sun there's nothing ſo Voluptuous
As riding of this Monſter, till he founder.
Fer. Who's that ſo loud?
Caſt. I am Dumb: Is not this rare?
Kings Looks make *Pythagoreans*; is not this
A happineſs, *Villio*? *Vil.* Yes, to put to ſilence
A fawning Sycophant. *Fer.* Thou ſpeakeſt truth in all,
And Mercy is a Vice, when there needs Rigour,
Which I with all ſeverity will practiſe;
And ſince, as Subjects they pay not Obedience,
They ſhall be forc'd as Slaves: I will remove
Their means to hurt, and with the means, my fears;
Go you the fatal Executioners
Of my Commands, and in our Name proclaim,
That from this hour I do forbid all meetings,
All private Conferences in the City:
To feaſt a Neighbour ſhall be Death; to talk,
As they meet in the Streets, to hold Diſcourſe
By Writing, nay by Signs; ſee this perform'd,
And I will call your cruelty, to thoſe
That dare repine at this, to me true Service.
1 *Guard.* This makes for us.
2 *Guard.* Ay, now we have Employments,
If we grow not rich, 'twere fit we ſhould be Beggars.
Fer. Ronvere. [*Exit Guard.*
Ron. My Lord. *Caſt.* Thou Enemy to Majeſty,
What thinkeſt thou of a Kingdom? *Vil.* As of a Man
That hath power to do ill. *Caſt.* Or a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the Gods;
Obſerve but with how little Breath he ſhakes
A populous City, which would ſtand unmov'd
Againſt a Whirlwind. *Vil.* Then you make him more
Than him that rules the Winds. *Caſt.* For me I do profeſs it,

Were

Were I offer'd to be any thing on Earth,
I would be mighty *Ferrand*. *Fer.* Who names me?
Deliver thy Thoughts, Slave, thy Thoughts, and truly,
Or be no more. *Caſt.* They rather will deſerve
Your Favour than your Fury; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a Loyal Subject?)
Your Wiſdom, Power, your perfect Happineſs,
The moſt bleſt of Mankind. *Fer.* Didſt thou but feel
The weighty Sorrows that ſit on a Crown,
Though thou ſhouldſt find one in the Streets, *Caſtruccio*,
Thou wouldſt not think it worth the taking up;
But ſince thou art enamour'd of my Fortune,
Thou ſhalt e'er long taſte of it. *Caſt.* But one Day,
And then let me expire. *Fer.* Go to my Wardrobe,
And of the richeſt things I wear, cull out
What thou think'ſt fit: Do you attend him, Sirrah.
Vil. I warrant you I ſhall be at his Elbow,
The Fool will never leave him. [*Ex.* Vil. *and* Caſt.
Caſt. Made for ever. [*A Shout within.*
Fer. What Shout is that, draw up our Guards.
Enter Virolet, Aſcanio, *and a Servant.*
Ron. Thoſe rather
Speak Joy than Danger. Bring her to my Houſe,
I would not have her ſeen here. *Fer.* My *Aſcanio*!
The moſt deſir'd of all Men, let me die
In theſe Embraces; how wert thou redeem'd?
Aſca Sir, this is my Preſerver. *Fer.* At more Leiſure
I will enquire the Manner, and the Means,
I cannot ſpare ſo much time now from my
More ſtrict Embraces: *Virolet*, welcome too,
This Service weighs down your intended Treaſon.
You long have been mine Enemy; learn now
To be my Friend, and loyal; I ask no more,
And live as free as *Ferrand*. Let him have
The Forty thouſand Crowns I gladly promis'd
For my *Aſcanio*'s Freedom; and deliver
His Father and his Wife to him in Safety:
Something hath paſs'd which I am ſorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd. Come, my *Aſcanio*,
And reap the Harveſt of my Winter-Travels.
My beſt *Aſcanio*, my lov'd *Aſcanio*.
[*Flouriſh Cornets.* *Exit* Fer. Aſcanio.
Vir. My Lord, all former Paſſages forgot,
I am become a Suitor. *Ron.* To me, *Virolet*?
Vir. To you, yet will not beg the Courteſie,
But largely pay you for it. *Ron.* To the purpoſe.

Vir.

Vir. The Forty thouſand Crowns the King hath given
I will beſtow on you, if by your means
I may have Liberty for a Divorce
Between me and my Wife. *Ron.* Your *Juliana*?
That for you hath endur'd ſo much, ſo nobly?
Vir. The more my Sorrow; but it muſt be ſo.
Ron. I will not hinder it. Without a Bribe,
For mine own Ends, I would have further'd this.
I will uſe all my Power. *Vir.* 'Tis all I ask.
Oh my curs'd Fate, that ever Man ſhould hate
Himſelf for being belov'd, or be compell'd
To caſt away a Jewel Kings would buy,
Tho' with the loſs of Crown and Monarchy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter, Boatſwain, and Gunner.*

Seſſe. How do I look? *Maſt.* You are ſo ſtrangely alter'd,
We ſcarce can know you; ſo young again, and utterly
From that you were, Figure, or any Favour;
Your Friends cannot diſcern you. *Seſſe.* I have none,
None but my fair Revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alter'd too. *Boatſ.* To pleaſe your Humour,
But we may paſs without Diſguiſe, our Living
Was never in their Element. *Gun.* This *Jew* ſure,
That alter'd you, is a mad Knave.
Seſſe. Oh! a moſt excellent Fellow.
Gun. How he has mew'd your Head, has rubb'd the Snow off,
And run your Beard into a Peak of Twenty.
Boatſ. Stopt all the Crannies in your Face. *Maſt.* Moſt rarely.
Boatſ. And now you look as plump, your Eyes as ſparkling,
As if you were to leap into a Lady's Saddle.
Has he not ſet your Noſe awry? *Seſſe.* The better.
Boatſ. I think it be the better, but 'tis awry ſure;
North and by Eaſt, ay, there's the Point it ſtands in;
Now half a *Point to the Southward*. *Seſſe.* I could laugh,
But that my Buſineſs requires no Mirth now.
Thou art a merry Fellow. *Boatſ.* I would the *Jew*, Sir,
Could ſteer my Head right; for I have ſuch a Swimming in't,
Ever ſince I went to Sea firſt. *Maſt.* Take Wine and purge it.
Boatſ. I have had a thouſand Pills of Sack, a thouſand,
A thouſand Pottle-Pills. *Gun.* Take more. *Boatſ.* Good Doctor,
Your Patient is eaſily perſwaded.
Maſt. The next fair open Weather. Methinks this *Jew*,
If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
And decay'd Ladies, that have loſt their Fleeces
On every Buſh, he might pick a pretty Living.
Boatſ. The beſt of all our Gallants ſhould be glad of him:
For if you mark their Marches, they are tender,

Soft,

Soft, ſoft, and tender; then but obſerve their Bodies,
And you ſhall find them cemented by a Surgeon,
Or ſome Phyſician, for a Year or two,
And then to th' Tub again, for a new Pickle.
This *Jew* might live a *Gentile* here.

Enter two Citizens at both Doors, ſaluting afar off.

Seſſe. Who are theſe?
Stand cloſe and mark.
Boatſ. Theſe are no Men, th' are Motions.
Seſſe. What ſad and ruthful Faces! *Boatſ.* How they duck!
This ſenſeleſs, ſilent Courteſie, methinks,
Shews like two *Turks* ſaluting one another,
Upon two *French* Porters Backs.
Seſſe. They are my Country-men,
And this, ſome forc'd Inflict on from the Tyrant;
What are you, why is this? Why move thus ſilent,
As if you were wandring Shadows? Why ſo ſad?
Your Tongues ſeal'd up: Are ye of ſeveral Countries?
You underſtand not one another?
Gun. That's an *Engliſhman*,
He looks as though he had loſt his Dog.
Seſſe. Your Habits
Shew ye all *Neapolitans*; and your Faces
Deliver you oppreſs'd Things: Speak boldly.
Do you groan and labour under this ſtiff Yoak?
Maſt. They ſhake their Heads and weep.
Seſſe. Oh Miſery!
Give plenteous Sorrow, and no Tongues to ſhew 'em!
This is a ſtudy'd Cruelty. 1 *Cit.* Begone, Sir,
It ſeems you are a Stranger, and ſave your ſelf.
2 *Cit.* You wonder here at us; as much we wonder
To hear you ſpeak ſo openly and boldly,
The King's Command being publiſh'd to the contrary;
'Tis Death here, above two to talk together;
And that muſt be but common Salutation neither,
Short, and ſo part. *Boatſ.* How ſhould a Man buy Muſtard,
If he be forc'd to ſtay the making of it?
Within. Clear all the Streets before the King.
1 *Cit.* Get off, Sir,
And ſhift, as we muſt do. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Seſſe. I'll ſee his Glory.
Maſt. Stand faſt now, and like Men. [*Flouriſh Colours.*

Enter Caſtruccio, *like the King, in the midſt of a Guard; and* Villio.

Caſt. Begin the Game, Sir,
And pluck me down the Row of Houſes there,

They

They hide the View o'th'Hill; and ſink thoſe Merchants,
Their Ships are foul, and ſtink. *Maſt.* This is a ſweet Youth.
Caſt. All that are taken in Aſſemblies,
Their Houſes and their Wives, their Wealths are forfeit,
Their Lives at your Devotion. Villains, Knaves,
I'll make you bow and ſhake, I'll make you kneel, Rogues.
How brave 'tis to be a King? *Gun.* Here's fine Tumbling.
Caſt. No Man ſhall ſit i'th' Temple near another.
Boatſ. Nor lye with his own Wife. *Caſt.* All upon Pain
Of preſent Death, forget to write. *Boatſ.* That's excellent,
Carriers and Footpoſts will be arrant Rebels.
Caſt. No Character, or Stamp, that may deliver
This Man's Intention, to that Man i'th'Country.
Gun. Nay, and you cut off, After my hearty Commendations,
Your Friend and *Oliver*. No more. *Caſt.* No Man ſmile,
And wear a Face of Mirth: That Fellow's cunning,
And hides a double Heart; he's your Prize, ſmoke him.
Enter Virolet, Ronvere, Aſcanio, *and* Martia, *paſſing over.*
Seſſe. What baſe Abuſe is this? Ha? 'tis her Face ſure,
My Priſoners with her too? By Heav'n, wild Whore,
Now is my time. *Maſt.* Do what you will. *Seſſe.* Stay, hold yet,
My Country ſhall be ſerv'd firſt, let her go,
We'll have an Hour for her to make her tremble.
Now ſhow our ſelves, and bleſs you with your Valours.
Guard. Here's a whole plump of Rogues. [Virolet *and they off again.*
Seſſe. Now for your Country.
Caſt. Away with 'em and hang 'em; ſhew no Mercy,
I ſay no Mercy. *Seſſe.* Be it ſo upon 'em.
Guard. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon. *Boatſ.* Cut the Slaves to Giggets.
Gun. Down with the Bullbeefs.
Seſſe. Hold, hold, I command you,——look here.
Caſt. A miſerable thing; I am no King, Sir.
Seſſe. Sirrah, your Fool's Face has preſerv'd your Life.
Wear no more King's Coats, you have ſcap'd a ſcouring.
Boatſ. Is't not the King? *Seſſe.* No, 'tis a prating Raſcal,
The Puppy makes him Mirth. *Caſt.* Yes, Sir, I am a Puppy.
Boatſ. I beſeech you let me hang him,
I'll do't in my Belt ſtraight.
Caſt. As you are honourable,
It is enough you may hang me.
Gun. I'll hang a Squib at's Tail
That ſhall blow both his Buttocks, like a Petard.
Caſt. Do any thing. But do not kill me, Gentlemen.
Enter Citizens.
Boatſ. Let's flea him, and have him Fly-blown.
Cit. Away, and ſave your Lives.

The

The King himſelf is coming on; if you ſtay,
You are loſt for ever; let not ſo much Nobleneſs
Wilfully periſh. *Seſſe.* How near? 2 *Cit.* He's here behind you.
Seſſe. We thank you. Vaniſh. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferrand, *and* Ronvere. *Flouriſh Cornets.*

Fer. Double the Guards, and take in Men that dare,
Theſe Slaves are frighted; where are the proud Rebels?
To what Protection fled? What Villain leads 'em?
Under our Noſe diſturb'd our Reſt? *Ron.* We ſhall hear,
For ſuch a Search I have ſent, to hunt the Traitors.
Fer. Yet better Men I ſay, we ſtand too open.
How now *Caſtruccio*? How do you like our Glory?
Caſt. I muſt confeſs, 'twas ſomewhat more than my Match, Sir;
This open Glory agrees not with my Body;
But if it were i'th' Caſtle, or ſome Strength,
Where I might have my ſwinge.
Vil. You have been ſwing'd, Brother;
How theſe Delights have tickled you? You itch yet?
Will you walk out again in Pomp? *Caſt.* Good Fool.
Vil. Theſe Rogues muſt be rebuk'd, they are too ſawcy,
Theſe peremptory Knaves. Will you walk out, Sir,
And take the Remnant of your Coronation?
The People ſtay to ſee it. *Fer.* Do not vex him,
H'as Grief enough in's Bones; you ſhall to the Citadel,
And like my ſelf command, there uſe your Pleaſure;
But take heed to your Perſon. *Vil.* The more Danger,
Still the more Honour, Brother. *Caſt.* If I reign not then,
And like a King, and thou ſhalt know it, Fool,
And thou ſhalt feel it, Fool. *Vil.* Fools ſtill are Freemen,
I'll ſue for a Protection, 'till thy Reign's out.
Fer. The People have abus'd the Liberty
I late allow'd, I now proclaim it ſtraiter.
No Men ſhall walk together, nor ſalute;
For they that do ſhall die. *Ron.* You hit the right, Sir;
That Liberty cut off, you are free from Practice.
Fer. Renew my Guards. *Ron.* I ſhall. *Fer.* And keep ſtrict
One Hour of Joy I ask. (Watches;
Ron. You ſhall have many. [*Exeunt. Flouriſh Cornets.*

Pandulpho *and* Juliana, *led by two of the Guards, as not yet fully recovered.*

1 *Guard.* You are now at Liberty, in your own Houſe, Lady,
And here our Charge takes end. *Pan.* 'Tis now a Cuſtom,
We muſt even woe thoſe Men deſerve worſt of us,
And ſo we thank your Labours; there's to drink,
For that and Miſchief are your Occupations,
And to mean well to no Man, your chiefeſt Harveſts.

2 *Guard.* You give liberally; we hope, Sir, er't be long,
To be oftner acquainted with your Bounty,
And ſo we leave you. *Pan.* Do, for I doat not on ye.
Jul. But where's my Husband? What ſhould I do here,
Or what Share have I in this Joy, call'd Liberty,
Without his Company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his Service honour'd?
1 *Guard.* He is ſo, and ſtands high in the King's Favour,
His Friends redeemed, and his own Liberty,
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his Service,
To his own Wiſh, rewarded: So farewell, Lady. [*Ex. Guard.*
Pan. Go perſecute the Good, and hunt ye Hell-hounds,
Ye Leeches of the Time, ſuck 'till ye burſt, Slaves;
How does my Girl? *Jul.* Weak yet, but full of Comfort.
Pan. Sit down, and take ſome Reſt. *Jul.* My Heart's whole, (Father;
That joys and leaps, to hear my *Virolet*,
My Dear, my Life, has conquer'd his Afflictions.
Pan. Thoſe rude Hands, and that bloody Will that did this,
That durſt upon thy tender Body print
Theſe Characters of Cruelty; hear me Heav'n.
Jul. O Sir, be ſparing. *Pan.* I'll ſpeak it, tho' I burſt;
And tho' the Air had Ears, and ſerv'd the Tyrant,
Out it ſhould go: O hear me, thou great Juſtice;
The Miſeries that wait upon their Miſchiefs,
Let 'em be numberleſs, and no Eye pity
Them, when their Souls are loaden, and in labour,
And wounded through, and through, with guilt and horrour;
As mine is now with Grief; let Men laugh at 'em
Then, when their monſtrous Sins, like Earth-quakes, ſhake 'em;
And thoſe Eyes, that forgot Heav'n, would look upward,
The bloody 'larms of the Conſcience beating,
Let Mercy fly, and Day ſtruck into Darkneſs,
Leave their blind Souls, to hunt out their own Horrours.
Jul. Enough, enough, we muſt forget, dear Father;
For then we are glorious Forms of Heav'n; and live,
When we can ſuffer, and as ſoon forgive.
But where's my Loid? Methinks I have ſeen this Houſe,
And have been in't before. *Pand.* Thine own Houſe, Jewel.
Jul. Mine, without him? Or his, without my Company?
I think it cannot be, it was not wont, Father.
Pand. Some buſineſs with the King, (let it be good, Heav'n)
Retains him ſure.

Enter Boy.

Jul. It muſt be good and noble,
For all Men that he treats with taſte of Virtue;
His Words and Actions are his own, and Honour's

Nor

Not brought, nor compell'd from him.
Pand. Here's the Boy.
He can confirm us more; how ſad the Child looks?
Come hither *Lucio*, how, and where's thy Maſter?
Jul. Speak, gentle Boy. *Pand.* Is he return'd in ſafety?
Jul. If not, and that thou knoweſt he is miſerable,
Our hopes and happineſs declin'd for ever;
Study a Sorrow excellent as thy Maſter,
Then if thou canſt live, leave us. *Luc.* Noble Madam,
My Lord is ſafe return'd, ſafe to his Friends, and Fortune,
Safe to his Country entertain'd with Honour,
Is here within the Houſe. *Jul.* Do not mock me.
Luc. But ſuch a Melancholly hangs on his Mind,
And in his Eyes inhabit ſuch ſad Shadows;
But what the cauſe is——
Pand. Go tell him we are here, Boy,
There muſt be no cauſe now. *Jul.* Haſt thou forgot me?
Luc. No, nobleſt Lady. *Jul.* Tell him I am here,
Tell him his Wife is here, ſound my Name to him,
And thou ſhalt ſee him ſtart; ſpeak *Juliana*,
And like the Sun that labours through a Tempeſt,
How ſuddenly he will diſperſe his ſadneſs?
Pand. Go I command thee inſtantly,
And charge him on his Duty. *Jul.* On his Love, Boy:
I would fain go to him *Pand.* Away, away, you are fooliſh.
Jul. Bear all my Service, ſweet Boy. *Pand.* Art thou here ſtill?
Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that ſhall become thee.
Pand. I'th Houſe, and know we are here. [*Exit Boy.*
Jul. No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: Could you think
His Love had leſs than Wings, had he but ſeen me,
His ſtrong Affection any thing but Fire
Conſuming all weak lets and rubs before it,
Till he had met my Flame, and made one Body?
If ever Heav'ns high Bleſſings met in one Man,
And there erected to their holy Uſes
A ſacred Mind fit for their Services,
Built all of poliſht Honour, 'twas in this Man:
Miſdoubt him not. *Pand.* I know he's truly Noble;
But why this Sadneſs, when the general Cauſe
Requires a Jubile of Joy? *Jul.* I know not.

Enter Virolet *and Boy.*

Pand. Pray Heav'n you find it not. *Jul.* I hope I ſhall not:
O here he comes, and with him all my Happineſs;
He ſtays and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. [*They ſtand off.*

Pand. I do not like this ſadneſs.
Vir. O hard Condition of my Miſery!
Unheard of Plagues! When to behold that Woman,
That chaſt and virtuous Woman, that preſerv'd me,
That pious Wife, wedded to my Afflictions,
Muſt be more terrible than all my Dangers.
O Fortune, thou haſt robb'd me of my making,
The noble Building of a Man demoliſh'd,
And flung me headlong, on a Sin ſo baſe
Man and Mankind contemn, even Beaſts abhor it;
A Sin more dull than Drink, a Shame beyond it;
So foul and far from Faith, I dare not name it,
But it will cry it ſelf out, loud Ingratitude.
Your Bleſſing, Sir. *Pan.* You have it in abundance;
So is our Joy, to ſee you ſafe. *Vir.* My dear one.
Jul. H'as not forgot me yet: O take me to you, Sir.
Vir. Muſt this be added to encreaſe my Miſery,
That ſhe muſt weep for Joy, and loſe that Goodneſs?
My *Juliana*, even the beſt of Women,
Of Wives the perfecteſt; let me ſpeak this,
And with a Modeſty declare thy Virtues,
Chaſter than Chryſtal, on the *Scythian* Clifts,
The more the proud Winds court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy Obedience than a Sacrifice;
And in thy Mind a Saint, that even yet living
Produceſt Miracles, and Women daily,
With crooked and lame Souls creep to thy Goodneſs,
Which having touch'd at, they become Examples.
The Fortitude of all their Sex is fable,
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up Glory,
And Admiration, in the Age behind us,
Out of their celebrated Urns are ſtarted,
To ſtare upon the Greatneſs of thy Spirit;
Wondring what new Martyr Heav'n has begot,
To fill the Times with Truth, and eaſe their Stories:
Being all theſe, and excellent in Beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the nobleſt Buildings)
Thou haſt undone thy Husband, made him wretched,
A miſerable Man, my *Juliana*,
Thou haſt made thy *Virolet*.
Jul. Now Goodneſs keep me;
Oh! my dear Lord.
Pan. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but ſpeak, I charge you on Obedience;
Your Father charges you; ſhe make you miſerable?
That you your ſelf confeſs. *Vir.* I do, that kills me.

And

And far leſs I have ſpoke her than her Merit.
Jul. It is ſome ſin of Weakneſs, or of Ignorance:
For ſure my Will——— *Vir.* No, 'tis a Sin of Excellence:
Forgive me Heav'n, that I profane thy Bleſſings:
Sit ſtill, I'll ſhew you all. [*Exit* Vir.
Pan. What means this Madneſs?
For ſure there is no taſte of right Man in it;
Grieves he our Liberty, our Preſervation?
Or has the greatneſs of the deed he has done,
Made him forget, for whom, and how he did it,
And looking down upon us, ſcorn the benefit?
Well *Virolet*, if thou beeſt proud, or treacherous.
Jul. He cannot, Sir, he cannot; he will ſhew us,
And with that Reaſon ground his Words.
Enter Virolet, Martia, *and* Ronvere.
Pan. He comes.
What Maſque is this? what admirable Beauty?
Pray Heav'n his Heart be true. *Jul.* A goodly Woman.
Vir. Tell me, my Dear, and tell me without flattery,
As you are nobly honeſt, ſpeak the Truth;
What think you of this Lady? *Jul.* She is moſt excellent.
Vir. Might not this Beauty tell me it's a ſweet one,
Without more ſetting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Miſtreſs than mere Nature,
Stagger a conſtant Heart? *Pan.* She is full of wonder!
But yet; yet *Virolet*. *Vir.* Pray by your leave Sir!
Jul. She would amaze. *Vir.* O! would ſhe ſo? I thank you.
Say to this Beauty, ſhe have all Additions,
Wealth, noble Birth. *Pand.* O hold there. *Vir.* All Virtues,
A Mind as full of Candor as the Truth is,
Ay, and a loving Lady. *Jul.* She muſt needs
(I am bound in Conſcience to confeſs) deſerve much.
Vir. Nay, ſay beyond all theſe, ſhe be ſo pious,
That even on Slaves condemn'd ſhe ſhower her Benefits,
And melt their ſtubborn Bolts with her ſoft Pity,
What think you then? *Pand.* For ſuch a noble Office,
At theſe Years I ſhould dote my ſelf. Take heed, Boy.
Jul. If you be he that have receiv'd theſe Bleſſings,
And this the Lady, love her, honour her:
You cannot do too much to ſhew your Gratitude,
Your greateſt Service will ſhew off too ſlender.
Vir. This is the Lady, Lady of that Bounty,
That Wealth, that noble Name, that all I ſpoke of:
The Prince *Aſcanio*, and my ſelf, the Slaves
Redeem'd, brought home, ſtill guarded by her Goodneſs,
And of our Liberties you taſte the Sweetneſs.

Even

Even you ſhe has preſerv'd too, lengthen'd your Lives.
Jul. And what Reward do you purpoſe? It muſt be a main one,
If Love will do it, we'll all ſo love her, ſerve her.
Vir. It muſt be my Love. *Jul.* Ha! *Vir.* Mine, my only Love,
My everlaſting Love. *Pand.* How? *Vir.* Pray have Patience.
The Recompence ſhe ask'd, and I have render'd,
Was to become her Husband. Then I vow'd it,
And ſince I have made it good. *Pand.* Thou durſt not.
Vir. Done, Sir.
Jul. Be what you pleaſe, his Happineſs yet ſtays with me,
You have been mine: Oh, my unhappy Fortune!
Pand. Nay, break and die. *Jul.* It cannot yet: I muſt live,
'Till I ſee this Man bleſt in his new Love,
And then.
Pand. What haſt thou done, thou baſe one, tell me,
Thou barren thing of Honeſty, and Honour;
What haſt thou wrought? Is not this ſhe, look on her,
Look on her, with the Eyes of Gratitude,
And wipe thy falſe Tears off: Is not this ſhe,
That three times on the Rack, to guard thy Safety,
When thou ſtoodſt loſt, and naked to the Tyrant;
Thy aged Father here, that ſhames to know thee,
Ingag'd i'th' Jaws of Danger; was not this ſhe,
That then gave up her Body to the Torture?
That tender Body, that the Wind ſings through;
And three times, when her Sinews, crack'd and tortur'd,
The Beauties of her Body turn'd to Ruins;
Even then, within her patient Heart ſhe lock'd thee,
Then hid thee from the Tyrant, then preſerv'd thee;
And canſt thou be that Slave? *Mart.* This was but Duty,
She did it for her Husband, and ſhe ought it;
She has had the Pleaſure of him, many an Hour,
And if one Minute's Pain cannot be ſuffer'd;
Mine was above all theſe, a nobler Venture,
I ſpeak it boldly, for I loſt a Father,
He has one ſtill; I left my Friends, he has many;
Expos'd my Life and Honour to a Cruelty,
That if it had ſeiz'd on me, racks and tortures,
Alas they are Triumphs to it; and had it hit,
For this Man's Love, it ſhould have ſhew'd a Triumph.
Twice loſt, I freed him; *Roſſana* loſt before him,
His Fortunes with him, and his Friends behind him:
Twice was I rack'd my ſelf for his Deliverance,
In Honour firſt and Name, which was a Torture
The Hangman never heard of; next at Sea,
In our Eſcape, where the proud Waves took Pleaſure,
To toſs my little Boat up like a Bubble,

Then

Then like a Meteor in the Air he hung,
Then catch'd and flung him in the depth of Darkneſs;
The Cannon from my incenſed Father's Ship,
Ringing our Knell, and ſtill as we peep'd upward,
Beating the raging Surge, with Fire and Bullet,
And I ſtood fix'd for this Man's ſake, and ſcorn'd it;
Compare but this. *Vir.* 'Tis too true; Oh my Fortune!
That I muſt equally be bound to either.
Jul. You have the better and the nobler, Lady,
And now I am forc'd, a lover of her Goodneſs:
And ſo far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my Lord, ſo lovingly and nobly,
That now methinks I ſtagger in my Title.
But how with honeſty? for I am a poor Lady,
In all my dutious ſervice but your ſhadow,
Yet would be juſt; how with fair Fame and Credit,
I may go off; I would not be a Strumpet:
O my dear Sir, you know. *Vir.* O Truth, thou knoweſt too.
Jul. Nor have the World ſuſpect, I fell to Miſchief.
Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has done it,
A fair Divorce, 'tis honeſt too. *Pan.* The Devil,
Honeſt? to put her off? *Law.* Moſt honeſt, Sir,
And in this point moſt ſtrong. *Pan.* The cauſe, the cauſe, Sir?
Law. A juſt cauſe too. *Pan.* As any is in Hell, Lawyer.
Law. For Barrenneſs, ſhe never brought him Children.
Pan. Why art thou not divorc'd? thou canſt not get 'em,
Thy Neighbours, thy rank Neighbours: O baſe jugling,
Is ſhe not young? *Jul.* Women at more Years, Sir,
Have met that Bleſſing; 'tis in Heav'ns high Power.
Law. You never can have any: *Pan.* Why, quick Lawyer?
My Philoſophical Lawyer. *Law.* The Rack has ſpoil'd her,
The diſtentions of thoſe parts hath ſtopt all Fruitfulneſs.
Pan. O I could curſe.
Jul. And am I grown ſo miſerable,
That mine own Piety muſt make me wretched?
No Cauſe againſt me, but my Love and Duty?
Farewell, Sir, like Obedience, thus I leave you,
My long Farewell. I do not grudge; I grieve, Sir;
And if that be offenſive, I can die,
And then you are fairly free. Good Lady, love him.
You have a noble and an honeſt Gentleman;
I ever found him ſo, the World has ſpoke him,
And let it be your part ſtill to deſerve him,
Love him no leſs than I have done, and ſerve him,
And Heav'n ſhall bleſs you: You ſhall bleſs my Aſhes,
I give you up the Houſe, the Name of Wife,

Honour,

Honour, and all Reſpect I borrow'd from him,
And to my Grave I turn: One Farewel more,
Nothing divide your Loves, nor want of Children,
Which I ſhall pray againſt, and make you fruitful:
Grow like two equal Flames, riſe high and glorious,
And in your honour'd Age burn out together.
To all I know, Farewel. *Ron.* Be not ſo griev'd, Lady,
A nobler Fortune. *Jul.* Away, thou Paraſite.
Diſturb not my ſad Thoughts; I hate thy Greatneſs.
Ron. I hate not you, I am glad ſhe's off theſe Hinges,
Come, let's purſue. [*Ex.* Ronvere *and* Law.
Pand. If I had Breath to curſe thee,
Or could my great Heart utter, Farewel, Villain,
Thy Houſe nor Face again. [*Exit* Pand.
Mart. Let 'em go.
And now let us rejoyce, now freely take me,
And now embrace me, *Virolet*; give the Rites
Of a brave Husband to his Love.
Vir. I'll take my Leave too.
Mart. How? take your Leave too?
Vir. The Houſe is furniſh'd for you?
You are Miſtreſs, may command. *Mart.* Will you to bed, Sir?
Vir. As ſoon to Hell, to any thing I hate moſt:
You muſt excuſe me, I have kept my Word.
You are my Wife, you now enjoy my Fortune,
Which I have done to recompence your Bounty:
But to yield up thoſe chaſt Delights and Pleaſures,
Which are not mine, but my firſt Vows.
Mar. You jeſt. *Vir.* You will not find it ſo, to give you thoſe
I have Divorc'd, and loſt with *Juliana*,
And all fires of that Nature—— *Mart.* Are you a Husband!
Vir. To queſtion hers, and ſatisfie your Flames,
That held an equal Beauty, equal Bounty———
Good Heav'n forgive; no, no, the ſtrict forbearance
Of all thoſe Joys, like a full Sacrifice,
I offer to the Sufferings of my firſt Love.
Honour, and Wealth, Attendance, State, all Duty,
Shall wait upon your Will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted Mind, you muſt give leave, Lady,
My weary Trunk muſt wander. *Mart.* Not enjoy me?
Go from me too? *Vir.* For ever thus I leave you;
And howſoe'er I fare, live you ſtill happy. [*Exit* Vir:
Mart. Since I am ſcorn'd, I'll hate thee, ſcorn thy gifts too,
Thou miſerable Fool, thou Fool to Pity,
And ſuch a rude, demoliſh'd thing, I'll leave thee,
In my Revenge; for fooliſh Love, farewel now,

And

And Anger, and the ſpite of Woman enter,
That all the World ſhall ſay, that read this Story,
My Hate, and not my Love, begot my Glory. [*Exit* Martia.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Seſſe, *Boatſwain, Maſter and Gunner.*

Seſſe. HE that feats Death, or Tortures, let him leave me.
The ſtops that we have met with, crown our Conqueſt.
Common Attempts are fit for common Men;
The rare, the rareſt Spirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have ſmil'd at Sea at certain Ruins,
Which Men on Shore but hazarded would ſhake at:
We that have liv'd free, in deſpight of Fortune,
Laught at the out-ſtretch'd Arm of Tyranny,
As ſtill too ſhort to reach us, ſhall we faint now?
No my brave Mates, I know your fiery Temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as Men;
Calamity, that ſevers worldly Friendſhips,
Could ne'er divide us, you are ſtill the ſame;
The conſtant followers of my baniſh'd Fortunes;
The Inſtruments of my Revenge, the Hands
By which I work, and faſhion all my Projects.
Maſt. And ſuch we will be ever. *Gun.* 'Slight Sir, cram me
Into a Cannon's Mouth, and ſhoot me at
Proud *Ferrand*'s Head; may only he fall with me,
My Life I rate at nothing. *Boatſ.* Could I but get
Within my Sword's length of him, and if then
He ſcape me, may th' account of all his Sins
Be added unto mine. *Maſt.* 'Tis not to die, Sir,
But to die unreveng'd, that ſtaggers me:
For were your ends ſerv'd, and our Country free,
We would fall willing Sacrifices. *Seſſe.* To riſe up
Moſt glorious Martyrs. *Boatſ.* But the reaſon why
We were theſe Shapes? *Seſſe.* Only to get acceſs;
Like honeſt Men, we never ſhall approach him,
Such are his fears, but thus attir'd like *Switzers*,
And faſhioning our Language to our Habits;
Bold, bloody, deſperate, we may be admitted
Among his Guard. But if this fail, I'll try
A thouſand others, out-do *Proteus*
In various Shapes, but I will reach his Heart,
And ſeal my Anger on't.

Enter Ronvere *and the Guard.*

Maſt. The Lord *Ronvere.*

Boatſ. Shall we begin with him? *Seſſe.* He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: As you ſee me begin,
With all care imitate. *Gun.* We are inſtructed.
Boatſ. Would we were at it once. *Ron.* Keep a ſtrict Watch,
And let the Guards be doubled, this laſt Night
The King had fearful Dreams. *Seſſe.* 'Tis a good *Omen*
To our Attempts. *Ron.* What Men are theſe? What ſeek you?
Seſſe. Imployment. *Ron.* Of what Nature? *Seſſe.* We are (Soldiers;
We have ſeen Towns and Churches ſet on fire;
The Kennels running Blood, coy Virgins raviſh'd;
The Altars ranſack'd, and the Holy Relicks,
Yea, and the Saints themſelves, made lawful Spoils
Unto the Conquerors; but theſe good days are paſt,
And we made Beggars, by this idle Peace,
For want of Action. I am, Sir, no Stranger
To the Government of this State, I know the King
Needs Men, that only do what he Commands,
And ſearch no farther: 'tis the Profeſſion
Of all our Nation, to ſerve faithfully,
Where they're beſt pay'd; and if you entertain us,
I do not know the thing you can command,
Which we'll not put in Act. *Ron.* A goodly Perſonage.
Maſt. And if you have an Enemy, or ſo,
That you would have diſpatch'd.
Gun. They are here can fit you.
Boatſ. Or if there be an Itch, though to a Man.
Seſſe. You ſhall tie
Our Conſciences in your Purſe-ſtrings. *Ron.* Gentlemen,
I like your freedom; I am now in haſte,
But wait for my return. I like the Raſcals,
They may be uſeful. *Seſſe.* We'll attend you, Sir.
Ron. Do, and be confident of Entertainment;
I hope you will deſerve it. [*Exe.* Ron. *and Guard.*
Seſſe. O, no doubt, Sir:
Thus far we are proſperous; we'll be his Guard;
'Till Tyranny and Pride find full Reward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pandulpho *and* Juliana.

Pan. My Bleſſing? no, a Father's heavy curſe,
Purſue and overtake him. *Jul.* Gentle Sir.
Pan. My Name, and Family, end in my ſelf,
Rather than live in him. *Jul.* Dear Sir, forbear;
A Father's curſes hit far off, and kill too.
And like a murthering piece aims not at one,
But all that ſtand within the dangerous level.

Some

Some Bullet may return upon your ſelf too,
Though againſt Nature, if you ſtill go on
In this unnatural Courſe. *Pan.* Thou art not made
Of that ſame ſtuff as other Women are:
Thy Injuries would teach Patience to blaſpheme,
Yet ſtill thou art a Dove.
Jul. I know not Malice, but like an Innocent, ſuffer.
Pan. More miraculous!
I'll have a Woman Chronicled, and for Goodneſs,
Which is the greateſt wonder. Let me ſee,
I have no Son to inherit after mē;
Him I diſclaim.
What then? I'll make thy Virtues my ſole Heir;
Thy Story I'll have written, and in Gold too;
In Proſe and Verſe, and by the ableſt Doers:
A word or two of a kind Step-father
I'll have put in, good Kings and Queens ſhall buy it.
And if the Actions of ill great Women,
And of the modern times too, are remembred,
That have undone their Husbands and their Families,
What will our Story do? It ſhall be ſo,
And I will ſtreight about it. [*Exit* Pan.

Enter Boy.

Jul. Such as love
Goodneſs for Glory, have it for Reward;
I love mine for it ſelf: let Innocence
Be written on my Tomb, though ne'er ſo humble,
'Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my Vows. *Boy.* 'Fore me you are not modeſt,
Nor is this Court-like. Would you take it well,
If ſhe ſhould rudely preſs into your Cloſet,
When from your ſeveral Boxes you chuſe Paint,
To make a this day's Face with?
Jul. What's the matter?
Boy. Pray know her Pleaſure firſt.
Jul. To whom ſpeak you, Boy?
Boy. Your Ladiſhip's Pardon. That proud Lady Thief,
That ſtole away my Lord from your Embraces,
(Wrinkles at two and twenty on her Cheeks for't,
Or *Mercury* unallayed, make Bliſters on it)
Would force a Viſit.
Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any elſe that I call mine? No more.
Attend her with all Reverence and Reſpect;
The want in you of Manners, my Lord may
Conſtrue in me for Malice. I will teach you

How to eſteem and love the Beauty he doats on;
Prepare a Banquet.

Enter Martia *and Boy.*

Madam, thus my Duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchſafe your Servant,
In honouring her Houſe. *Mart.* Is this in Scorn?
Jul. No, by the Life of *Virolet*: Give me leave
To ſwear by him, as by a Saint I worſhip,
But am to know no farther, my Heart ſpeaks that
My Servants have been rude, and this Boy, doating
Upon my Sorrows, hath forgot his Duty;
In which, that you may think I have no Share,
Sirrah, upon your Knees, deſire her Pardon.
Boy. I dare not diſobey you. *Mart.* Prithee riſe,
My Anger never looks ſo low: I thank you,
And will deſerve it, if we may be private.
I came to ſee and ſpeak with you. *Jul.* Be gone. [*Exit Boy.*
Good Madam ſit. *Mart.* I rob you of your place then.
Jul. You have deſerv'd a better, in my Bed;
Make uſe of this too: Now your pleaſure, Lady.
If in your Breaſt there be a worthy Pity,
That brings you for my Comfort, you do nobly:
But if you come to triumph in your Conqueſt,
Or tread on my Calamities, 'twill wrong
Your other Excellencies. Let it ſuffice,
That you alone enjoy the beſt of Men,
And that I am forſaken. *Mart.* He the beſt?
The ſcum and ſhame of Mankind. *Jul. Virolet*, Lady?
Mart Bleſt in him? I would my Youth had choſen
Conſuming Feavers, Bed-rid Age,
For my Companions, rather than a thing
To lay whoſe Baſeneſs open, would even poiſon
The Tongue that ſpeaks it. *Jul.* Certainly from you
At no part he deſerves this; and I tell you,
Durſt I pretend but the leaſt tittle to him,
I ſhould not hear this. *Mart.* He's an impudent Villain,
Or a malicious Wretch; to you ungrateful;
To me beyond Expreſſion barbarous.
I more than hate him; from you he deſerves
A Death moſt horrid: From me, to die for ever,
And know no end of Torments. Would you have Comfort?
Would you waſh off the ſtain that ſticks upon you,
In being refus'd? Would you redeem your Fame,
Shipwrack'd in his baſe wrongs? If you deſire this,
It is not to be done with ſlaviſh ſuffering,
But by a noble Anger, making way

To a moſt brave Revenge, we may call Juſtice;
Our Injuries are equal; join with me then,
And ſhare the Honour. *Jul.* I ſcarce underſtand you,
And know I ſhall be moſt unapt to learn
To hate the Man, I ſtill muſt love and honour.
Mart. This fooliſh Dotage in ſoft-hearted Women,
Makes proud Men inſolent; but take your way,
I'll run another Courſe. *Jul.* As you are noble,
Deliver his Offence. *Mart.* He has denied
The Rites due to a Wife. *Jul.* O me moſt happy,
How largely am I paid for all my Sufferings?
Moſt honeſt *Virolet*, thou juſt Performer
Of all thy Promiſes: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in thoſe Joys you ſpeak of,
In a chaſte Bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would ſwear, that if he ſhould ſurvive me,
(Which then I knew he wiſht not) never Woman
Should taſte of his Embraces, this one act
Makes me again his Debtor. *Mart.* And was this
The cauſe my Youth and Beauty were contemn'd?
If I ſit down here! well —— *Jul.* I dare thy worſt,
Plot what thou canſt, my Piety ſhall guard him
Againſt thy Malice. Leave my Houſe and quickly,
Thou wilt infect theſe innocent Walls. By Virtue,
I will inform him of thy bloody purpoſe,
And turn it on thine own accurſed Head;
Believe't I will. [*Exit* Juliana.

Mart. But 'tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed againſt him.
I'll ſet my ſelf to Sale, and live a Strumpet;
Forget my Birth, my Father, and his Honour,
Rather than want an Inſtrument to help me
In my Revenge. The Captain of the Guard;
Bleſt Opportunity courts me.

Enter Ronvere.

Ron. Sad and troubled?
How brave her Anger ſhows? How it ſets off
Her natural Beauty? Under what happy Star
Was *Virolet* born, to be belov'd and ſought to,
By two incomparable Women? Nobleſt Lady,
I have heard your Wrongs, and pity them; and if
The ſervice of my Life could give me hope
To gain your Favour, I ſhould be moſt proud
To be commanded. *Mart.* 'Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad Servant. *Ron.* Name the means.
Mart. 'Tis not Preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtſhip.

He

He that desires to reap the Harvest of
My Youth and Beauty, must begin in Blood,
And right my Wrongs. *Ros.* I apprehend you, Madam,
And rest assur'd 'tis done; I am provided
Of Instruments to fit your: To the King
I'll instantly present you, if I fail,
He shall make good your aims. He's less than Man,
That to atchieve your Favour, would not do,
Deeds, Fiends would fear to put their Agents to. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Virolet *Reading.*

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non est scelus.* 'Tis an Axiome.
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd; with that, above her Life
Lov'd me again, crown'd me a happy Husband,
Was full of Children; her Afflictions,
That I begot, that when our Age must perish,
And all our painted Frailties turn'd to Ashes,
Then shall they stand and propagate our Honours.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new strange Beauty, it was a useful one:
How, to my Lust? If it be so, I am sinful;
And guilty of that Crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair Course of Virtue?
This pious Course, to save my Friends, my Country,
That even then had put on a mourning Garment,
And wept the desolation of her Children?
Her noblest Children? Did not she thrust me on,
And to my Duty clapt the spur of Honour?
Was there a way, without this Woman, left me
To bring 'em off? The marrying of this Woman?
If not, why am I stung thus? Why tormented?
Or had there been a wild Desire join'd with it,
How easily, both these, and all their Beauties
Might I have made mine own? Why am I touch'd thus,
Having perform'd the great Redemption,
Both of my Friends and Family? Fairly done it?
Without base and lascivious ends, O Heav'n,
Why am I still at War thus? Why this Mischief,
That Honesty and Honour had propounded?
Ay, and absolv'd my tender Will, and chid me,
Nay then unwillingly flung me on?

Enter Juliana *and the Boy.*

Boy. He's here, Madam;
This is the melancholly Walk he lives in,
And chuses ever to encrease his sadness.
Jul. Stand by.

Vir.

Vir. 'Tis she; how I shake now and tremble!
The Virtues of that Mind are Torments to me.
Jul. Sir, if my hated Face shall stir your Anger,
Or this forbidden Path I tread in vex you;
My Love and fair Obedience left behind me,
Your Pardon asked, I shall return and bless you.
Vir. Pray stay a little, I delight to see you;
May not we yet, though Fortune have divided us,
And set an envious stop between our Pleasures,
Look thus one at another; Sigh and weep thus?
And read in one anothers Eyes, the Legends,
And Wonders of our old Loves? Be not fearful,
Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you:
May I not take this Hand, and on it sacrifice
The Sorrows of my Heart? White seal of Virtue.
Jul. My Lord, you wrong your Wedlock. *Vir.* Were she here,
And with her all severe Eyes to behold us,
We might do this; I might name *Juliana*,
And to the reverence of that Name, bow thus:
I might sigh *Juliana* she was mine once;
But I too weak a Guard for that great Treasure——
And whilst she has a Name, believe me Lady,
This broken Heart shall never want a Sorrow.
Jul. Forget her Sir, your Honour now commands you,
You are another's, keep those Griefs for her,
She richly can reward 'em. I would have spoken with you.
Vir. What is your Will? For nothing you can ask,
So full of Goodness are your Words and Meanings,
Must be denied: Speak boldly.
Jul. I thank you, Sir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, only to be believ'd,
That I desire: For I shall tell a Story,
So far from seeming Truth, yet a most true one;
So horrible in Nature, and so horrid;
So beyond Wickedness, that when you hear it,
It must appear the Practice of another,
The Cast and Malice of some one you have wrong'd much,
And me you may imagine, me accuse too,
Unless you call to mind my daily Sufferings;
The infinite Obedience I have born you,
That hates all Name and Nature of Revenge.
My Love, that nothing but my Death can sever,
Rather than hers I speak of. *Vir. Juliana*,
To make a doubt of what you shall deliver,
After my full experience of your Virtues,
Were to distrust a Providence; to think you can lie,

Or

Or being wrong'd, ſeek after foul repairings,
To forge a Creed againſt my Faith.
Jul. I muſt do ſo, for it concerns your Life, Sir;
And if that word may ſtir you, hear and proſper:
I ſhould be dumb elſe, were not you at ſtake here.
Vir. What few Friends have I found, that dare deliver
This loaden Trunk from his Afflictions?
What pitying Hand, of all that feels my Miſeries,
Brings ſuch a benefit? *Jul.* Be wiſe and Manly,
And with your Honour fall, when Heav'n ſhall call you,
Not by a helliſh Miſchief. *Vir.* Speak, my bleſt one.
How weak and poor I am, now ſhe is from me?
Jul. Your Wife. *Vir.* How's that? *Jul.* Your Wife.
Vir. Be tender of her, I ſhall believe elſe——
Jul. I muſt be true; your Ear, Sir,
For 'tis ſo horrible, if the Air catch it,
Into a thouſand Plagues, a thouſand Monſters,
It will diſperſe it ſelf, and fright Reſiſtance. [*Whiſpers.*
Vir. She ſeek my Life with you? Make you her Agent?
Another Love? O ſpeak but Truth. *Jul.* Be patient,
Dear as I love you, elſe I leave you wretched.
Vir. Forward, 'tis well, it ſhall be welcome to me;
I have liv'd too long, numbred too many Days,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my Service,
And hunt for that my Youth and Honour aims at,
The Sun ſets on my Fortune red and bloody,
And everlaſting Night begins to cloſe me.
'Tis time to die.

Enter Martia *and* Ronvere.

Jul. She comes her ſelf. *Ron.* Believe Lady,
And on this Angel Hand your Servant ſeals it,
You ſhall be Miſtreſs of your whole Deſires,
And what ye ſhall command. *Mart.* Ha Minion,
My precious Dame, are you there? Nay go forward,
Make your Complaints, and pour out your feign'd Pities,
Slave, like to him you ſerve: I am the ſame ſtill,
And what I purpoſe, let the World take witneſs,
Shall be ſo finiſht, and to ſuch Example,
Spite of your poor preventions; my dear Gentleman,
My honourable Man, are you there too?
You and your hot Deſire? Your mercy, Sir,
I had forgot your Greatneſs. *Jul.* 'Tis not well, Lady,
Mart. Lord, how I hate this Fellow now; how deſperately
My Stomach ſtands againſt him; this baſe Fellow,
This gelded Fool! *Jul.* Did you never hear of Modeſty?

Mart.

Mart. Yes, when I heard of you, and ſo believ'd it,
Thou bloodleſs, brainleſs Fool.
Vir. How? *Mart.* Thou deſpiſed Fool,
Thou only Sign of Man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven Worthy in a Piece of Arras,
Fit only to enjoy a Wall; thou Beaſt
Beaten to uſe: Have I preſerv'd a Beauty,
A Youth, a Love, to have my Wiſhes blaſted?
My Doatings, and the Joys I came to offer,
Muſt they be loſt, and ſlighted by a Dormouſe?
Jul. Uſe more Reſpect, and Woman 'twill become you;
At leaſt, leſs Tongue. *Mart.* I'll uſe all Violence,
Let him look for't. *Jul.* Dare you ſtain thoſe Beauties,
Thoſe heav'nly Stamps, that raiſe up Men to Wonder,
With harſh and crooked Motions? Are you ſhe
That overdid all Ages, with your Honour;
And in a little Hour dare loſe this Triumph?
Is not this Man your Husband? *Mart.* He's my Halter;
Which (having ſued my Pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my Anger,
Which I will nouriſh to the Deſolation,
Not only of his Folly but his Friends,
And his whole Name. *Vir.* 'Tis well, I have deſerv'd it.
And if I were a Woman, I would rail too.
Mart. Nature ne'er promiſed thee a thing ſo noble.
Take back your Love, your Vow, I give it freely;
I poorly ſcorn it; gaze now where you pleaſe:
That that the dulneſs of thy Soul neglected,
Kings ſue for now. And mark me, *Virolet*,
Thou Image of a Man, obſerve my Words well:
At ſuch a bloody rate I'll ſell this Beauty,
This Handſomneſs thou ſcorn'ſt and fling'ſt away,
Thy proud ungrateful Life ſhall ſhake at; take your Houſe,
The petty things you left me give another;
And laſt, take home your Trinket: Fare you well, Sir.
Ron. You have ſpoke like your ſelf;
Y'are a brave Lady. [*Exeunt* Ronvere *and* Martia.
Jul. Why do you ſmile, Sir? *Vir.* O my *Juliana*,
The Happineſs this Woman's Scorn has given me,
Makes me a Man again; proclaims it ſelf,
In ſuch a general Joy, through all my Miſeries,
That now methinks—— *Jul.* Look to your ſelf, dear Sir,
And trifle not with Danger that attends you;
Be joyful when y'are free. *Vir.* Did you not hear her:
She gave me back my Vow, my Love, my Freedom;
I am free, free as Air; and though to morrow

Her bloody Will meet with my Life, and ſink it,
And in her Execution tear me piecemeal:
Yet have I time once more to meet my Wiſhes,
Once more to embrace my beſt, my nobleſt, trueſt;
And Time that's warranted. *Jul.* Good Sir, forbear it;
Though I confeſs, equal with your Deſires
My Wiſhes riſe, as covetous of your Love,
And to as warm Alarms ſpur my Will too:
Yet pardon me, the Seal o'th' Church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning Flame between us,
We muſt not meet, I dare not. *Vir.* That poor disjointing,
That only ſtrong Neceſſity thruſt on you,
Not Crime, nor ſtudied Cauſe of mine; how ſweetly,
And nobly I will bind again and cheriſh;
How I will recompence one dear Embrace now,
One free Affection! How I burn to meet it!
Look now upon me. *Jul.* I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my Credit
The Love you firſt had was preſerv'd with Honour,
The laſt ſhall not cry Whore; you ſhall not purchaſe
From me a Pleaſure, that have equally
Lov'd your fair Fame as you, at ſuch a Rate:
Your Honeſty and Virtue muſt be bankrupt,
If I had lov'd your Luſt, and not your Luſtre;
The glorious Luſtre of your matchleſs Goodneſs,
I would compel you now to be!——forgive me,
Forgive me, Sir, how fondly ſtill I love you!
Yet nobly too; make the way ſtraight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me,
Under the Ax, upon the Rack again,
Even in the Bed of all Afflictions,
Where nothing ſings our Nuptials but dire Sorrows,
With all my Youth and Pleaſure I'll embrace you,
Make Tyranny and Death ſtand ſtill affrighted,
And at our meeting Souls amaze our Miſchiefs;
'Till when, high Heav'n defend you, and Peace guide you.
Be wiſe and manly, make your Fate your own,
By being Maſter of a Providence,
That may controul it. *Vir.* Stay a little with me.
My Thoughts have chid themſelves: May I not kiſs you?
Upon my truth I am honeſt. *Jul.* I believe ye;
But yet what that may raiſe in both our Fancies,
What Iſſues ſuch warm Parents breed. *Vir.* I obey you,
And take my Leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable Love.

Jul.

Jul. I'll pray for ye,
And when you fall I have not long to follow. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Seſſe, *Maſter*, *Boatſwain*, *and Gunner*, *at one Door*; Martia *and* Ronvere, *at another*.

Seſſe. Now we have got free Credit with the Captain.
Maſt. Soft, ſoft, he's here again: Is not that Lady———
Or have I loſt mine Eyes? a ſalt Rhume ſeizes 'em;
But I ſhould know that Face. *Boatſ.* Make him not madder,
Let him forget the Woman; ſteer a Lar-Board.
Maſt. He will not kill her. *Boatſ.* Any thing he meets;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes;
Nothing but Blood and Horror.
Maſt. I would ſave the Lady,
For ſuch another Lady. *Boatſ.* There's the Point;
And you know there want Women of her Mettle.
Maſt. 'Tis true, they bring ſuch Children now,
Such Demilances.
Their Father's Socks will make them chriſtning Cloaths.
Gun. No more, they view us. *Seſſe.* You ſhall play awhile,
And ſun your ſelf in this Felicity,
You ſhall you glorious Whore, I know you ſtill.
But I ſhall pick an hour when moſt ſecurely———
I ſay no more. *Ron.* Do you ſee thoſe? thoſe are they
Shall act your Will; come hither my good Fellows.
You are now the King's. Are they not goodly Fellows?
Mart. They have Bone enough, if they have ſtout Heart to it.
Maſt. Still the old Wench. *Seſſe.* Pray Captain, let me ask you
What noble Lady's that? 'Tis a rude Queſtion,
But I deſire to know. *Ron.* She is for the King, Sir;
Let that ſuffice for Anſwer. *Seſſe.* Is ſhe ſo, Sir?
In good time may ſhe curſe it.
Muſt I breed Hacknies for his Grace?
Ron. What wouldſt thou do
To merit ſuch a Lady's Favour? *Seſſe.* Any thing.
Ron. That can ſupply thy Wants, and raiſe thy Fortunes?
Seſſe. Let her command, and ſee what I dare execute.
I keep my Conſcience here; if any Man
Oppoſe her Will, and ſhe would have him humbled,
Whole Families between her and her Wiſhes———
Maſt. We have ſeen bleeding Throats, Sir, Cities ſack'd,
And Infants ſtuck upon their Pikes.
Boatſ. Houſes a-fire, and handſome Mothers weeping.
Seſſe. Which we have heaped upon the Pile like Sacrifices,
Churches and Altars, Prieſts and all Devotions,
Tumbled together into one rude *Chaos*.
Gun. We know no Fear, Sir, but want of Imployment.

Seſſe. Nor other Faith but what our Purſes preach.
To gain our Ends we can do any thing,
And turn our Souls into a thouſand Figures;
But when we come to do——— *Mart.* I like theſe Fellows.
Ron. Be ready and wait here, within this Hour
I'll ſhew you to the King, and he ſhall like ye:
And if you can deviſe ſome Entertainment
To fill his Mirth, ſuch as your Country uſes,
Preſent it, and I'll ſee it grac'd.
After this *Comick Scene* we ſhall employ you,
For one muſt die. *Seſſe.* What is he, Sir? ſpeak boldly,
For we dare boldly do. *Ron.* This Lady's Husband;
His Name is *Virolet.*
Seſſe. We ſhall diſpatch it. [*Exe.* Martia *and* Ronvere.
O damned, damned thing: A baſe Whore firſt,
And then a Murtherer. I'll look to you.
Boatſ. Can ſhe be grown ſo ſtrange?
Seſſe. She has an itch;
I'll ſcratch you my dear Daughter, I'll ſo claw you;
I'll curry your hot Hide; married and honour'd?
And turn thoſe holy Bleſſings into Brothels?
Your Beauty into Blood? I'll hunt your Hotneſs.
I'll hunt you like a Train. *Maſt.* We did all pity her.
Seſſe. Hang her, ſhe is not worth Man's Memory;
She's falſe and baſe, and let her fright all Stories.
Well, though thou be'ſt mine Enemy, I'll right thee,
And right thee nobly. *Boatſ.* Faith, Sir, ſince ſhe muſt go,
Let's ſpare as few as may be.
Seſſe. We'll take all,
And like a Torrent ſweep the Slaves before us.
You dare endure the worſt?
Maſt. You know our Hearts, Sir,
And they ſhall bleed the laſt, e'er we ſtart from ye.
Gun. We can but die, and e'er we come to that,
We ſhall pick out ſome few Examples for us.
Seſſe. Then wait the firſt Occaſion, and like *Curtius*,
I'll leap the Gulph before you, fearleſs leap it:
Then follow me like Men, and if our Virtues
May buoy our Country up, and ſet her ſhining
In her firſt State; our fair Revenges taken,
We have our noble Ends, or elſe our Aſhes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Aſcanio, *and* Martia *above.*

Mart. AS you are noble, keep me from diſcovery,
And let me only run a Stranger's Fortune:
For when the King ſhall find I am his Daughter
He ever holds moſt Ominous, and hates moſt;
With what Eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his Fears and Cruelties?

Aſca. I have found you;
Suſpect not, I am bound to what you like beſt,
What you intend, I dare not be ſo curious
To queſtion now, and what you are, lies hid here.

Enter Ferrand *and* Ronvere *above.*

The King comes, make your Fortune, I ſhall joy in't.

Ron. All things are ready, Sir, to make you merry;
And ſuch a King, you ſhall behold him now.

Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of Mirth.

Ron. The Lady, Sir.

Fer. Now as I am a King, a ſprightly Beauty,
A goodly ſweet Aſpect! My thanks *Ronvere,*
My beſt Thanks, on your Lips I ſeal your Wiſhes,
Be what you can imagine mine, and happy.
And now ſit down and ſmile; come, my *Aſcanio,*
And let this Monarch enter.

Enter Seſſe, *Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, and Sailors.*

Ron. Theſe are the *Switzers,*
I told your Grace of.

Fer. Goodly promiſing Fellows,
With Faces to keep Fools in awe, I like 'em;
Go guard the Preſence well, and do your Duties,
To Morrow I ſhall take a farther View.

Seſſe. You ſhall, Sir,
Or I ſhall loſe my Will; how the Whore's mounted?
How ſhe ſits thron'd? thou blazing muddy Meteor,
That frighteſt the under World with luſtful Flaſhes,
How I ſhall daſh thy Flames? Away, no Word more.

[*Exe.* Seſſe *and his Company. Flouriſh Cornets.*

Enter Villio, Caſtruccio, *Doctor, and a Guard.*

Fer. Now, here he comes in Glory; be merry Maſters,
A Banquet too? [*Meat convey'd away.*

Ron. O, he muſt ſit in State, Sir!

Aſca. How rarely he is uſher'd? Can he think now

He

He is a King indeed?
Ron. Mark but his Countenance;
Caſt. Let me have Pleaſures infinite, and to the Height,
And Women in Abundance, many Women:
Enter Ladies.
I will diſport my Grace,
Stand there and long for me.
What have ye brought me here? Is this a Feaſt
Fit for a Prince? a mighty Prince? Are theſe things,
Theſe Preparations, ha?
Doct. May it pleaſe your Grace?
Caſt. It does not pleaſe my Grace: Where are the Marchpanes,
The Cuſtards double Royal, and the Subtilties?
Why, what weak things are you to ſerve a Prince thus?
Where be the Delicates o'th' Earth and Air?
The hidden Secrets of the Sea? Am I a Plow-man,
You pop me up with Porridge? Hang the Cooks.
Fer. O moſt Kingly;
What a Majeſtick anger?
Caſt. Give me ſome Wine.
Aſca. He cools again now.
Caſt. Fool, where are my Players?
Let me have all in Pomp; let 'em play ſome Love matter,
To make the Ladies itch. I'll be with you anon, Ladies;
You black Eyes, I'll be with you:
Give me ſome Wine I ſay,
And let me have a Mask of Cuckolds enter,
Of mine own Cuckolds,
And let them come in, peeping and rejoycing,
Juſt as I kiſs their Wives, and ſomewhat glorying.
Some Wine I ſay, then for an excellent Night-piece,
To ſhew my Glory to my Loves, and Minions,
I will have ſome great Caſtle burnt.
Vil. Hark you, Brother;
If that be to pleaſe theſe Ladies, ten to one
The Fire firſt takes upon your own, look to that;
Then you may ſhew a Night-piece.
Caſt. Where's this Wine?
Why ſhall I choak? do ye long all to be tortur'd?
Doct. Here, Sir.
Caſt. What is this? why, Doctor.
Doct. Wine and Water, Sir.
'Tis Sovereign for your heat, you muſt endure it.
Vil. Moſt excellent to cool your Night-piece, Sir.
Doct. You are of a high and cholerick Complexion,
And you muſt have Allays.

Caſt.

Caſt. Shall I have no ſheer Wine then?

Doct. Not for a World: I tender your dear Life, Sir,
And he is no faithful Subject——

Vil. No, by no means;
Of this you may drink, and never hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the Fool, this Liquor's merciful.

Caſt. I will ſit down and eat then: Kings, when they're hungry,
May eat, I hope?

Doct. Yes, but they eat diſcreetly.

Caſt. Come, taſte this Diſh, and cut me liberally;
I like Sauce well.

Doct. Fie, 'tis too hot, Sir;
Too deeply ſeaſon'd with the Spice, away with't,
You muſt acquaint your Stomach with thoſe Diets
Are temperately nouriſhing.

Caſt. But pray ſtay, Doctor,
And let me have my Meat again.

Doct. By no means;
I have a charge concerns my Life.

Caſt. No Meat neither;
Do Kings never eat, Doctor?

Doct. Very little, Sir,
And that too very choice.

Vil. Your King never ſleeps, Brother,
He muſt not ſleep, his Cares ſtill keep him waking.
Now he that Eats and Drinks much is a Dormouſe;
The third part of a Wafer is a Week's Diet.

Caſt. Appoint me ſomething then.

Doct. There.

Caſt. This I feel good,
But it melts too ſuddenly; yet, how, that gone too!
Ye are not mad! I charge you. [*Take away.*

Doct. For your Health, Sir,
A little quickens Nature, much depreſſes.

Caſt. Eat nothing for my Health? that's a new Diet.
Let me have ſomething, ſomething has ſome ſavour.
Why thou uncourteous Doctor, ſhall I hang thee?

Doct. 'Tis better, Sir, than I ſhould let you ſurfeit:
My Death were nothing.

Vil. To loſe a King, were terrible

Caſt. Nay, then I'll carve my ſelf, I'll ſtay no Ceremonies.
This is a Partridge Pye, I am ſure that's nouriſhing,
Or *Galen* is an Aſs: 'tis rarely ſeaſon'd:
Ha, Doctor, have I hit right? a mark, a mark there?

Vil. What ails thy Grace? [*Take away.*

Caſt. Retrieve thoſe Partridges.

Or

Or as I am a King——
Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
They are flown too far.
Vil. Theſe are breath'd Pies an't pleaſe you,
And your Hawks are ſuch Buzards.
Caſt. A King, and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing!
Vil. What think you of Pudding?
A Pudding Royal?
Caſt. To be royally ſtarv'd?
Whip me this Fool to Death; he is a Blockhead.
Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a King:
'Twill be enough.
Caſt. As for you dainty Doctor, the Table taken away,
All gone, all ſnatch'd away, and I unſatisfied,
Without my Wits, being a King and hungry?
Suffer but this thy Treaſon? I tell thee Doctor,
I tell it thee, in earneſt, and in Anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very Grace is hungry.
Vil. A hungry Grace is fitteſt to no Meal, Sir.
Doct. Some two hours hence, you ſhall ſee more: but ſtill, Sir,
You muſt retain an excellent and ſtrict Diet.
Vil. It ſharpens you, and makes your Wit ſo poynant, Sir,
Your very words will kill.
Doct. A bit of Marmalade
No bigger than a Penſe.
Vil. And that well butter'd,
The Air thrice purified, and three times ſpirited,
Becomes a King: your rare Conſerve of nothing
Breeds no Offence.
Caſt. Am I turn'd King *Camelion*,
And keep my Court i'th' Air?
Fer. They vex him cruelly.
Aſca. In two days more they'll ſtarve him.
Fer. Now the Women, there's no Food left but they.
Aſca. They'll prove ſmall Nouriſhment;
Yet h'as another Stomach and a great one,
I ſee by his Eye.
Caſt. I'll have mine own Power here;
Mine own Authority; I need no Tutor.
Doctor, this is no Diet.
Doct. It may be, Sir.
Vil. By'r Lady, it may turn to a dry Diet;
And how thy Grace will ward that——
Caſt. Stand off, Doctor;
And talk to thoſe that want Faith.

Fer.

Fer. Hot and mighty.
Aſca. He will cool apace, no doubt.
Caſt. Fair, plump, and red,
A Forehead high, an Eye revives the dead;
A Lip like ripeſt Fruit, inviting ſtill.
Vil. But O, the ruſhy Well, below the Hill,
Take heed of that, for though it never fail,
Take heed I ſay, for thereby hangs a Tail.
Caſt. I'll get ye all with Child.
Vil. With one Child, Brother,
So many Men in a blue Coat.
Caſt. Had I fed well,
And drunk good ſtore of Wine, ye had been bleſt all,
Bleſt all with double Births; come kiſs me greedily,
And think no more upon your fooliſh Husbands,
They are tranſitory things; a King's Fame meets you.
Doct. Vaniſh away. [*Ex. Women.*
Caſt. How, they gone too? my Guard there;
Take me this Devil Doctor, and that Fool there,
And ſow 'em in a Sack; bring back the Women,
The lovely Women; drown theſe Rogues, or hang 'em.
Aſca. He is in earneſt, Sir,
I muſt needs take him off.
Enter Seſſe, *Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner and Sailors.*
Fer. In ſerious earneſt.
Seſſe. Now, now be free.
Now Liberty, now Country-men ſhake from ye
The Tyrant's Yoke.
All. Liberty, Liberty, Liberty!
Guard. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.
Fer. We are betray'd, fly to the Town, cry Treaſon,
And raiſe our faithful Friends; O my *Aſcanio.*
Aſca. Make haſte, we have way enough.
Guard. Treaſon, Treaſon. [*Ex.* Fer. Aſca. *and Guard.*
Seſſe. Spare none, put all to th'Sword. A vengeance ſhake thee,
Art thou turn'd King again?
Caſt. I am a Raſcal:
Spare me but this time, if ever I ſee King more,
Or once believe in King.
Seſſe. The Ports are ours,
The Treaſure and the Port, fight bravely Gentlemen;
Cry to the Town, cry Liberty and Honour;
[*Crying Liberty and Freedom within.*
Waken their perſecuted Souls, cry loudly,
We'll ſhare the Wealth among ye.
Caſt. Do you hear, Captain?

If ever you hear me name a King.

Seſſe. You ſhall not.

Caſt. Or though I live under one, obey him.

Gun. This Rogue again.

Seſſe. Away with him, good Gunner.

Caſt. Why look ye, Sir; I'll put you to no charge; I'll never eat.

Gun. I'll take a courſe, you ſhall not; Come, no more words.

Enter Boatſwain.

Caſt. Say nothing when you kill me.

Seſſe. He's taken to the Tower's ſtrength; Now ſtand ſure Gentlemen, We have him in a pen, he cannot ſcape us, The reſt o'th Caſtle's ours; Liberty, Liberty! What, is the City up?

Boatſ. They are up and glorious, And rouling like a Storm they come; their Tents Ring nothing but Liberty and Freedom. The Women are in Arms too.

Seſſe. Let 'em come all; Honour and Liberty.

All. Honour and Liberty. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juliana.

Jul. This Woman threats, her Eyes, even red with fury, Which like prodigious Meteors foretold Aſſur'd Deſtruction, are ſtill before me. Beſides, I know ſuch Natures unacquainted With any mean, or in their Love, or Hatred; And ſhe that dar'd all dangers to poſſeſs him, Will check at nothing, to revenge the loſs Of what ſhe held ſo dear. I firſt diſcover'd Her bloody purpoſes, which ſhe made good, And openly profeſs'd 'em; that in me Was but a cold Affection; Charity Commands ſo much to all; for *Virolet*, Methinks I ſhould forget my Sexes weakneſs, Riſe up, and dare beyond a Woman's ſtrength; Then do not counſel: He is too ſecure, And in my judgement, 'twere a greater Service To free him from a deadly Enemy, Than to get him a Friend. I undertook too, To croſs her Plots, oppoſ'd my Piety, Againſt her Malice; and ſhall Virtue ſuffer? No, *Martia*, wer't thou here equally armed, I have Cauſe, ſpite of thy maſculine Breeding,

That

That would assure the Victory: My Angel
Direct and help me.

Enter Virolet *like* Ronvere.

Vir. The State in Combustion,
Part of the Cittadel forc'd, the Treasure seiz'd on;
The Guards corrupted, arm themselves against
Their late protected Master; *Ferrand* fled too,
And with small strength, into the Castle's Tower,
The only *Aventine*, that now is left him?
And yet the Undertakers, nay, Performers,
Of such a brave and glorious Enterprize,
Are yet unknown; they did proceed like Men,
I like a Child; and had I never trusted
So deep a Practice unto shallow Fools,
Besides my Soul's peace, in my *Juliana*,
The Honour of this Action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claim no share.

Jul. Ronvere! 'tis he, a thing, next to the Devil
I most detest, and like him terrible;
Martia's right hand, the Instrument I fear too,
That is to put her bloody Will into act.
Have I not Will enough, and Cause too mighty?
Weak Womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this Habit,
This Likeness to *Ronvere*, which I have studied,
Either admits me safe to my Design,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And suffer'd to be ravish'd from my Glory;
Or sinks me and my Miseries together;
Either concludes me happy.

Jul. He stands musing,
Some Mischief is now hatching:
In the full meditation of his Wickedness,
I'll sink his cursed Soul: Guide my Hand, Heav'n,
And to my tender Arm give Strength and Fortune,
That I may do a pious deed, all Ages
Shall bless my Name for; all remembrance crown me.

Vir. It shall be so.

Jul. It shall not; take that Token,
And bear it to the lustful Arms of *Martia*,
Tell her, for *Virolet*'s dear sake, I sent it.

Vir. O I am happy, let me see thee,
That I may bless the Hand that gave me Liberty;
O courteous Hand, nay thou hast done most nobly,
And Heav'n has guided thee, 'twas their great Justice;
O blessed Wound that I could come to kiss thee!

How beautiful and ſweet thou ſhew'ſt!

Jul. Oh!

Vir. Sigh not,
Nor weep not, Dear, ſhed not thoſe ſovereign Balſams
Into my Blood, which muſt recover me;
Then I ſhall live again to do a Miſchief,
Againſt the mightineſs of Love and Virtue,
Some baſe unhallowed Hand ſhall rob thy right of
Help me, I faint: ſo.

Jul. O unhappy Wench!
How has my Zeal abus'd me; you that guard Virtue,
Were you aſleep? or do you laugh at Innocence,
You ſuffer'd this miſtake? O my dear *Virolet!*
An everlaſting Curſe follow that form
I ſtruck thee in, his Name be ever blaſted;
For his accurſed Shadow has betray'd
The Sweetneſs of all Youth, the Nobleneſs,
The Honour, and the Valour; wither'd for ever
The Beauty and the Bravery of all Mankind:
O my dull Devil's Eyes.

Vir. I do forgive you,
By this, and this, I do: I know you were cozen'd;
The Shadow of *Ronvere*, I know you aim'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas moſt neceſſary
I ſhould be ſtruck, ſome Hand above directed you;
For *Juliana* could not ſhew her Juſtice,
Without depriving high Heav'n of his Glory,
Or any Subject fit for her, but *Virolet*:
Forgive me too, and take my laſt Breath, ſweet one,
This the new Marriage of our Souls together;
Think of me, *Juliana*, but not often,
For fear my Faults ſhould burthen your Affections.
Pray for me, for I faint.

Jul. O ſtay a little,
A little, little, Sir. [*Offers to kill her ſelf.*

Vir. Fie, *Juliana.*

Jul. Shall I out-live the Virtue, I have murder'd?

Vir. Hold, or thou hat'ſt my Peace; give me the Dagger,
On your Obedience, and your Love, deliver it.
If you do thus, we ſhall not meet in Heav'n, Sweet;
No guilty Blood comes there; kill your Intentions,
And then you conquer; there where I am going,
Would not you meet me, Dear?

Jul. Yes.

Vir. And ſtill love me?

Jul. And ſtill behold you.

Vir.

Vir. Live then 'till Heav'n calls you.
Then ripe and full of Sweetneſs you riſe ſainted.
Then I that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
With Hymns of holy Love——I go out:
Give me your Hand, farewel, in Peace farewel,
Remember me, farewel. [*Dies.*

Jul. Sleep you, ſweet Glaſſes,
An everlaſting Slumber crown thoſe Chryſtals,
All my Delight adieu, farewel, dear *Virolet*,
Dear, dear, moſt dear; O I can weep no more,
My Body now is Fire, and all conſuming.
Here will I ſit, forget the World and all things,
And only wait what Heav'n ſhall turn me to,
For now methinks I ſhould not live. [*She ſits down.*

Enter Pandulpho.

Pand. O my ſweet Daughter,
The Work is finiſht now, I promis'd thee:
Here are thy Virtues ſhewed, here regiſter'd,
And here ſhall live for ever.

Jul. Blot it, burn it.
I have no Virtue, hateful I am as Hell is.

Pand. Is not this *Virolet?*

Jul. Ask no more Queſtions;
Miſtaking him, I kill'd him.

Pand. O my Son,
Nature turns to my Heart again, my dear Son,
Son of my Age, would'ſt thou go out ſo quickly?
So poorly take thy Leave and never ſee me?
Was this a kind Stroak, Daughter? Could you love him,
Honour his Father, and ſo deadly ſtrike him?
O wither'd timeleſs Youth, are all thy Promiſes,
Thy goodly Growth of Honours, come to this?
Do I halt ſtill i'th' World, and trouble Nature,
When her main Pieces founder, and fail daily?

Enter Boy and three Servants.

Boy. He does weep certain: What Body's that lyes by him?
How do you, Sir?

Pand. O look there, *Lucio*,
Thy Maſter, thy beſt Maſter.

Boy. Woe is me.
They have kill'd him, ſlain him baſely; O my Maſter!

Pand. Well Daughter, well; what Heart had you to do this?
I know he did you Wrong; but 'twas his Fortune,
And not his Fault, for my ſake that have lov'd you,
But I ſee now you ſcorn me too.

Boy.

Boy. O Miſtreſs?
Can you ſit there, and his cold Body breathleſs?
Baſely upon the Earth?
Pan. Let her alone, Boy,
She glories in his End.
Boy. You ſhall not ſit here,
And ſuffer him you loved,---ha! Good Sir, come hither,
Come hither quickly, heave her up; O Heav'n, Sir,
O God, my Heart, ſhe's cold, cold and ſtiff too,
Stiff as a Stake, ſhe's dead.
Pand. She's gone, ne'er bend her.
I know her Heart, ſhe could not want his Company:
Bleſſing go with thy Soul, ſweet Angels ſhadow it.
O, that I were the third now, what a Happineſs?
But I muſt live, to ſee you laid in Earth both,
Then build a Chappel to your Memories,
Where all my Wealth ſhall faſhion out your Stories,
Then dig a little Grave beſides, and all's done.
How ſweet ſhe looks, her Eyes are open ſmiling,
I thought ſhe had been alive. You are my Charge, Sir,
And amongſt you, I'll ſee his Goods diſtributed.
Take up the Bodies, mourn in Heart my Friends,
You have loſt two noble Succours; follow me,
And thou, ſad Country, weep this Miſery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Seſſe, *Boatſwain, Maſter, Gunner, Citizens, and Soldiers; as many as may be.*

Seſſe. Keep the Ports ſtrongly mann'd, and let none enter
But ſuch as are known Patriots.
All. Liberty, Liberty!
Seſſe. 'Tis a ſubſtantial thing, and not a Word,
You Men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other Bleſſings leave us, 'tis a Jewel
Worth purchaſing, at the dear rate of Life,
And ſo to be defended. O remember
What you have ſuffer'd, ſince you parted with it;
And if again you wiſh not to be Slaves,
And Properties to *Ferrand*'s Pride and Luſt,
Take noble Courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.
1 *Cit.* Our great Preſerver,
You have infranchis'd us, from wretched Bondage.
2 *Cit.* And might be known, to whom we owe our Freedom,
We to the Death would follow him.
3 *Cit.* Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.
Seſſe. That's not my end.

'Twas

'Twas not Ambition that brought me hither,
With these my faithful Friends, nor hope of Spoil.
For when we did possess the Tyrant's Treasure,
By Force extorted from you, and employed,
To load you with most miserable Thraldom,
We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
The help of these, to get you Liberty,
That for the same Price kept you in Subjection.
Nor are we *Switzers*, worthy Country Men,
But *Neopolitans:* Now eye me well;
And tho' the reverend Emblems of mine Age,
My silver Locks are shorne, my Beard cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
Tho' fourteen Years you have not seen this Face,
You may remember it, and call to Mind
There was a Duke of *Sesse*, a much wrong'd Prince,
Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand*.

1 *Cit.* Now I know him.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Sesse*.

Sesse. I thank you.
The Injuries I receiv'd, I must confess,
Made me forget the Love I owed this Country,
For which I hope, I have given Satisfaction,
In being the first that stir'd, to give it Freedom;
And with your Loves and Furtherance, will call back
Long banisht Peace, and Plenty, to this People.

2 *Cit.* Lead where you please, we'll follow.

1 *Cit.* Dare all Dangers.

Enter Pandulpho, *the Bodies of* Virolet *and* Juliana *upon a Hearse.*

Sesse. What solemn Funeral's this?

Pand. There rest a while,
And if't be possible there can be added
Wings to your swift desire of just Revenge,
Hear (if my Tears will give way to my Words)
In brief a most sad Story.

Sesse. Speak, what are they?
I know thee well, *Pandulpho*.

Pand. My best Lord?
As far as Sorrow will give Leave, most welcome;
This *Virolet* was, and but a Son of mine,
I might say, the most hopeful of our Gentry;
And though unfortunate, never ignoble:
But I'll speak him no further. Look on this,
This Face, that in a Savage would move Pity,
The Wonder of her Sex, and having said

'Tis

'Tis *Juliana*, Eloquence will want Words
To ſet out her deſervings; this bleſt Lady,
That did endure the Rack to ſave her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Endur'd a thouſand Tortures; by what Practice,
I know not, (but 'twas ſure a cunning one)
Are made, the laſt I hope, but ſad Examples
Of *Ferrand*'s Tyranny. Convey the Bodies hence.
Seſſe. Expreſs your Sorrow
In your Revenge, not Tears, my worthy Soldiers:
That fertile Earth that teem'd ſo many Children,
To feed his Cruelty, in her wounded Womb
Can hardly now receive 'em.
Boatſ. We are cold,
Cold Walls ſhall not keep him from us.
Gun. Were he covered with Mountains, and roam only for a
Bullet to be ſent level at him, I would ſpeed him.
Maſt. Let's ſcale this petty Tower; at Sea we are Falcons,
And fly unto the Main-Top in a Moment.
What then can ſtop us here?
1 *Cit.* We'll tear him Piece-meal.
2 *Cit.* Or eat a Paſſage to him.
Seſſe. Let Diſcretion
Direct your Anger; that's a Victory,
Which is got with leaſt Loſs, let us make ours ſuch:
And therefore Friends, while we hold parley here,
Raiſe your Scalado on the other ſide,
But enter'd wreak your Sufferings. [*Exeunt Sailors and Soldiers.*
1 *Cit.* In our Wrongs
There was no Mean.
2 *Cit.* Nor in our full Revenge
Will we know any.
Seſſe. Be appeas'd, good Man,
No Sorrow can redeem them from Death's Priſon;
What his inevitable Hand hath ſeiz'd on,
The World cannot recover. All the Comfort
That I can give to you, is to ſee Vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the Author's Head,
Of which their Aſhes may be ſenſible,
That have faln by him. [*Sound a Parley.*
Enter Ferrand, Martia, Aſcanio, *and* Ronvere, *above.*
Pand. They appear.
Fer. 'Tis not that we eſteem rebellious Traitors
Worthy an Anſwer to their proudeſt Summons,
That we vouchſafe our Preſence, or to exchange
One Syllable with 'em; but to let ſuch know,

Though

Though circled round with Treaſon, all points bent
As to their Center at my Heart, 'tis free,
Free from fear, Villains, and in this weak Tower
Ferrand commands as abſolute, as when
He trod upon your Necks, and as much ſcorns you.
And when the Sun of Majeſty ſhall break through
The Clouds of your Rebellion, every Beam,
Inſtead of comfortable Heat, ſhall ſend
Conſuming Plagues among you, and you call
That Government which you term'd Tyrannous,
Hereafter, gentle.

Seſſe. Flatter not thy ſelf
With theſe deluding hopes, thou cruel Beaſt,
Thou art i'th' toil, and the glad Huntſman prouder,
By whom thou art taken, of his Prey, than if
(Like thee) he ſhould command, and ſpoil his Foreſt.

Fer. What art thou?

Seſſe. To thy Horror, Duke of *Seſſe*.

Fer. The Devil.

Seſſe. Reſerv'd for thy Damnation.

Fer. Why ſhakes my Love?

Mart. O I am loſt for ever;
Mountains divide me from him, ſome kind Hand
Prevent our fearful meeting: Or lead me
To the ſteep Rock, whoſe rugged Brows are bent
Upon the ſwelling Main; there let me hide me:
And as our Bodies then ſhall be divided,
May our Souls never meet.

Fer. Whence grows this, Sweeteſt?

Mart. There are a thouſand Furies in his Looks;
And in his deadly Silence more loud Horror,
Than when in Hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whoſe Shrieks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my Father.

Seſſe. Yes, and I will own her, Sir,
Till my Revenge. It is my Daughter, *Ferrand*;
My Daughter thou haſt whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in it:
To know ſhe's thine, affords me more true Pleaſure,
Than the Act gave me, when even at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin Zone. Her ſhame dwell on thee,
And all thy Family; may they never know
A female Iſſue, but a Whore. *Aſcanio*,
Rowvere, look cheerful; be thou a Man too,
And learn of me to die. That we might fall,
And in our Ruins ſwallow up this Kingdom,

Nay the whole World, and make a ſecond *Chaos*.
And if from thence a new Beginning riſe,
Be it recorded this did end with us;
And from our Duſt hath Embryon.
Ron. I liv'd with you,
And will die with you; your Example makes me
Equally bold.
Aſca. And I reſolv'd to bear
Whate'er my Fate appoints me.
Seſſe. They are ours,
Now to the Spoil.
Boatſ. Pity the Lady, to all elſe be deaf. [*Exeunt.*
Within. Kill, kill, kill. [*Alarum, Fla. Trumpets, Retreat.*
Enter Seſſe *with* Ferrand's *Head, the Citizens, Maſter, Boatſwain, Gunner, Soldiers bringing in* Aſcanio *and* Martia.
Seſſe. Cruel beginnings meet with cruel ends;
And the beſt Sacrifice to Heav'n for Peace,
Is Tyrants blood, and thoſe that ſtuck faſt to him,
Fleſh'd Inſtruments in his commands to Miſchief,
With him diſpatch'd.
Boatſ. They are cut off.
Seſſe. 'Tis well.
All. Thanks to the Duke of *Seſſe*.
Seſſe. Pay that to Heav'n,
And for a general Joy, give general Thanks:
For Bleſſings ne'er deſcend from Heav'n, but when
A grateful Sacrifice aſcends from Men.
To your Devotion, leave me, there's a Scene
Which I would act alone; yet you may ſtay,
For wanting juſt Spectators, 'twill be nothing.
The reſt forbear me.
Cit. Liberty, liberty, liberty!
Mart. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
As now I ſtand above it; how I tremble!
Thrice happy they that died, I dying live
To ſtand the Whirlwind of a Father's Fury.
Now it moves toward me.
Seſſe. Thou, I want a Name
By which to ſtile thee: all articulate ſounds
That do expreſs the miſchief of vile Woman,
That are, or have been, or ſhall be, are weak
To ſpeak thee to the height. Witch, Parricide,
For thou, in taking leave of Modeſty,
Haſt kill'd thy Father, and his Honour loſt;
He's but a walking Shadow to torment thee.
To leave, and rob thy Father, then ſet free

His

His Foes, whoſe Slavery he did prefer
Above all Treaſure, was a ſtrong defeazance
To cut off even the ſureſt bonds of Mercy.
After all this, having given up thy ſelf,
Like to a ſenſual Beaſt, a ſlave to Luſt,
To play the Whore, and then (high Heav'n, it racks me)
To find out none to quench thy Appetite,
But the moſt cruel King, whom next to Hell
Thy Father hated, and whoſe black Embraces
Thou ſhouldſt have fled from, as the whips of Furies;
What canſt thou look for?

Enter Pandulpho, *and the Bodies born on the Horſe.*

Mart. Death; and 'tis not in you
To hurt me farther; my old Reſolution,
Take now the place of Fear; in this I liv'd,
In this I'll die, your Daughter.

Pand. Look but here;
You had, I know, a guilty Hand in this;
Repent it, Lady.

Mart. Juliana dead?
And *Virolet?*

Pand. By her unwilling Hand.

Mart. Fates, you are equal. What can now fall on me,
That I will ſhrink at? Now unmov'd I dare
Look on your Anger, and not bend a Knee
To ask your Pardon; let your Rage run higher
Than Billows rais'd up by a violent Tempeſt,
And be, as that is, deaf to all intreaties;
They are dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my deſires are ſum'd up.

Seſſe. Impudent too?
Die in it, Wretch.

Boatſ. Stay, Sir. [*Boatſwain kills her.*

Seſſe. How dareſt thou, Villain,
Snatch from my Sword the honour of my Juſtice?

Boatſ. I never did you better Service, Sir,
Yet have been ever faithful. I confeſs
That ſhe deſerv'd to die, but by whoſe Hand?
Not by a Father's. Double all her Guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
In me 'tis Murder, in you 'twere a Crime
Heav'n could not pardon. Witneſs that I love you,
And in that Love I did it.

Seſſe. Thou art noble,
I thank thee for't, the thought of her die with her.

Asca. My Turn is next; since she could find no Mercy,
What am I to expect?

Cit. With one Voice, Sir,
The Citizens salute you with the Stile
Of King of *Naples.*

Sesse. I must be excus'd,
The Burden is too heavy for my Shoulder,
Bestow it where 'tis due. Stand forth *Ascanio,*
It does belong to you; live long and wear it,
And warn'd by the Example of your Uncle,
Learn that you are to govern Men, not Beasts:
And that it is a most improvident Head,
That strives to hurt the Limbs that do support it.
Give Burial to the Dead; for me, and mine,
We will again to Sea, and never know
The Place, which in my Birth first gave me Woe.

[*Flourish Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.